SUPPRESSED SENSATIONS;

OR,

LEAVES

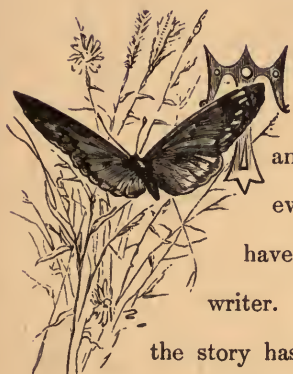
FROM THE

NOTE BOOK OF A CHICAGO REPORTER.

ILLUSTRATED.

Chicago:
RAND, McNALLY & CO.
1879.

TO THE READER.



THE collection of stories here presented form the "abstract and brief chronicle" of certain events which from time to time have come under the notice of the writer. In a few instances a part of the story has found its way into the newspapers, but in the majority of cases the "sensations" were literally "suppressed." For obvious reasons some changes have been made in names and locations, but the tales are substantially what they purport to be — Leaves from the Note Book of a

REPORTER.

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LEAF I.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

CHICAGO has always been notorious for its criminals. Other cities can boast of desperate thieves, thugs and murderers, but for ingenious rascality and blood-curdling scoundrelism, the outlaws of the Garden City carry off the palm. No satisfactory explanation of our excessive criminality has ever been given, and it is not my purpose to attempt one. It may be that the lax administration of justice in the city encourages the thief and midnight assassin; it may be that our citizens

have learned to look upon pre-eminence in vice and wickedness as an additional feather in the cap of the Northwestern metropolis; it may be that our unchecked gambling dens and our unbridled saloons have had the effect of making our criminals more reckless and daring than the same class in other cities. Whatever the cause, such is the fact.

But it is not alone in the lower and brutal grades of crime that Chicago stands pre-eminent. A certain looseness of morals exists which has no parallel in any other city in the world. The divorce courts are blocked with business, and the deadly canker of domestic infelicity is daily destroying thousands of homes which should be temples of love and joy and peace.

Strange and horrible crimes often spring from this domestic discord. This leaf will reveal one of many features of horror and painful sadness. It will show to what extent misguided passion will lead its victims—to what extreme a deceived woman will go for revenge.

In the spring of 1873 the community was shocked by the murder of a prominent citizen in one of the best known and most splendidly appointed of our hotels. A number of mysterious

circumstances surrounded the case. The man—a large and prosperous merchant—had visited the hotel alone early in the evening, and registering as "Jas. Russell, Cleveland, Ohio," engaged a room for the night. He told the clerk that his wife, who was visiting friends at Evanston, would arrive at the hotel within an hour or two, and he gave instructions that she should be shown up to his apartment. In the meantime he would lie down and rest, as he felt somewhat sick.

About half-past nine, a lady closely veiled but answering the description given, inquired for Mr. James Russell, and was shown to the room. The lights were burning very low, and the gentleman was apparently asleep on the couch. The lady sat down by his side and stroked his head caressingly, but did not wake him. This much the attendant saw before closing the door.

Mr. Russell had requested to be called at eight the next morning. At that hour a domestic rapped at the door, but getting no response, she knocked and knocked again, and, receiving no answer, turned the handle. To her surprise the door was not locked. She opened it and looking into the apartment saw Russell was lying on the couch. She approached with the intention of

arousing him, but started back in horror when she saw a bullet wound in his forehead, and a pool of blood on the floor.

The rest of the house was speedily aroused, and a scene of the wildest excitement ensued. Messengers were hurriedly dispatched to the police head-quarters, and the office of the coroner. There was great commotion and consternation among the guests. Doctors were summoned, and declared that Mr. Russell had been dead a number of hours. Search was made for the weapon, but none was found. No one remembered the lady leaving the house. No one could give an intelligent description of her appearance. She was a stranger to the neighborhood.

The position of the wound, as well as the course of the bullet, precluded the idea of suicide. It was evident that Russell had been murdered, and that the assassin was the lady with whom he had an appointment the night before.

These, in brief, were the facts which came out on the inquest. Detective skill was employed to ferret out the murderess. Days, weeks and months passed, but the crime remained shrouded in mystery. The house suffered greatly. It was,

although not one of the largest, yet one of the finest in the city, and patronized by high class customers, who preferred its quiet elegance and home comforts to the more pretentious glitter of the great hotels. But from this time its decay was rapid, and it has never recovered from the shock.

Mr. Russell was a married man, as well as a member of one of the fashionable churches, and his sudden and horrible death was a great shock to those who knew him. For weeks the matter was discussed in social circles, and expressions of horror were heard on all sides.

The domestic relationships of the murdered man had always seemed calm and felicitous. His wife was a pretty, well-formed brunette, of rare intelligence and accomplishments. She was devoted to her husband, who in turn appeared to lose no opportunity of paying her attentions generally deemed outside the regulation duty of a well-established spouse.

Their residence on Michigan avenue was a model of comfort and refinement. Each season small parties had been given by Mr. and Mrs. Russell, which were famed in social circles for good taste and pleasurable success.

At the inquest, and for several months afterwards, the widow was bowed down with grief. She testified always to the deep affection which her husband had shown since marriage, and tears coursed down her cheeks when she related the many acts of love and kindness he had performed. She was heart-broken at the manner of his death, and any allusion thereto caused her to break down in a painful fit of weeping.

Six months after the tragedy, still the same sorrowing, grief-stricken woman, Mrs. Russell broke up her establishment and went East. For some time her most intimate friends lost sight of her.

In due time the daily press dropped the sensation. It ran the usual course. Other horrors intervened, and the interest in the Russell murder was swamped.

While working up the case I became acquainted with a young detective named Harris. He was an enthusiast in his profession, and naturally took a great interest in this mysterious affair. Every now and then he would advance a theory directly opposed to the popular one, and I would as frequently pooh-pooh him into silence. But Harris kept on in his course of investigation,

and had great hopes of pocketing the $1,000 reward offered by the widow for the apprehension and conviction of the murderess.

In justice to the detective profession, without going into details I may state that Harris' theory did not turn out correct.

Its elaboration, however, resulted in the unravelment of the crime, and the motives which prompted it. Harris was as much shocked at the denouement as the writer was, and as the reader undoubtedly will be.

One evening in the autumn of 1875 Harris called upon me in the office, and said he had something of unusual importance for my private ear. I dispatched my work as rapidly as possible, and we repaired to an out-of-the-way beer saloon, where we could talk with freedom.

The story which Harris unfolded was deeply interesting. I will give it, as near as possible, in his own words:

"You remember the Russell murder, Frank? I have got the right scent at last. Don't laugh until you hear what I have to say. I've said little about the matter lately, but I have been working unceasingly on the case. I have discovered the murderess!"

I suppose I looked incredulous, for Harris continued, in a nettled tone, "Now, don't make a fool of yourself until you hear the facts. You must promise me faithfully that you will keep the thing quiet until I give you permission to publish."

Newspaper men are often called upon to give pledges of this character, and I had no hesitation in passing my word that nothing should be revealed until Harris was ready.

"You remember," resumed the young detective, "my old theory. I never told the circumstances upon which it was based, but I must communicate them now for you to properly understand what I am going to tell you. You remember that the servant who ushered the strange lady into the room where Russell was resting on the couch, told of her caressingly stroking the victim's head. I need not tell you that it is almost impossible for a woman to be so near a man and leave no trace of her presence. I am a married man and have often felt sheepish when my wife has picked a long hair from my coat, although I could take an oath that I had been up to nothing wrong. Well, I carefully examined Russell's coat collar, and was rewarded

by finding a hair six inches in length. It is here."

Harris pulled out his pocket-book and produced a yellow hair, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. I examined it, but could not see that it differed from other yellow hairs. The detective must have noticed this from the expression of my face, since he proceeded with his yarn with a smile indicative of superior wisdom.

"When I secured this prize, I knew I had a clue which might lead to the detection of the murderess. I jumped to the conclusion that the man had been killed by a blonde, and for weeks I tried to discover who the fair fiend was. My first step was to find out whether Russell had been in the habit of 'going around.' Careful inquiries revealed the fact that, like some other married men, he was not averse to forbidden fruit. But all my efforts to connect him with a fair-haired woman were fruitless. He seemed to have had a special liking for dark beauties.

"I pumped the widow to ascertain whether she knew aught of her husband's public habits, but she persisted in the statement that Mr. Russell acted in every respect like a model husband. The servants could give me no satis-

faction with regard to quarrels or jealous outbursts. Had it not been for the knowledge I gained outside, I should have been forced to the conclusion that the murdered merchant's character was of the most correct and exemplary kind.

"While musing over the case in a country hotel, one day, I happened to pick up an old and tattered copy of a Chicago daily. My eye came across the following 'personal':

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE.—Will the lady who recognized the gentleman at the corner of State and Madison, yesterday, send her address, in confidence, to R., Box 595, Post Office.

"It may have been the word 'blonde,' jumping with the subject uppermost in my mind, or it may have been some kind of magnetic inspiration, but a queer sort of sensation ran through my system, and I felt that I had struck another link in the chain of evidence, which would lead up to the detection and punishment of the assassin. I looked at the heading of the paper. It was dated six days before the murder. I seized a time table and found that a train left for Chicago in fifteen minutes. To settle my bill and leave my job in the hands of an assistant, was the work of but a few moments, and I was soon speeding towards Chicago.

"On arriving, I took a carriage and drove at once to the post office. My suspicion was confirmed. Box 595, at the time of the murder, was held by Russell!

"I at once sought a consultation with my chief. He was almost as excited as myself. 'Harry, my boy,' he said, 'you have struck it; go ahead.' We agreed upon a plan of operations, but I need not bore you with its details.

"I hunted up the domestic who accompanied the strange lady to the room of Mr. R. She repeated the story of the female visitor on the fatal night being closely veiled, and added that her voice was soft and bell-like, and she had yellow hair.

"I searched the files of the daily paper in which the advertisement appeared, but could find no other 'personal' which seemed to bear on the case. Two things were certain: that Mr. Russell had sought an appointment with a blonde lady, and that the mysterious visitor at the —— hotel had yellow hair.

"But what motive could a strange woman have in murdering Russell? Plunder was not the object, since his gold watch, money and other valuables were left untouched on his per-

son. There was no evidence pointing towards a quarrel. The position of the dead body clearly indicated that the man was lying peacefully on the couch when the fatal shot was fired.

"I tried every means known to the profession, to discover whether Russell had received a letter from the blonde. No papers of any consequence were found in the pockets of the murdered man. From a former clerk in Russell's office, I learned that the second day after the appearance of the advertisement, among the letters was one addressed simply with an initial and the number of the post office box. This the merchant read first, and thrust into the rear pocket of his pants. Two days afterwards another letter in the same handwriting, but fully addressed, came, and was torn up after being read by Mr. Russell.

"I sought an interview with the widow. She told me, through her sobs, that her husband had stated he would not be home early, on the evening of the murder. He gave no reason and she did not ask one.

"This last remark struck me as rather singular. Was he in the habit of staying out late without tendering a reason or excuse? No, she had never known it to happen before.

"This, also, struck me as singular. The most exemplary husbands stay out now and then, and I thought Mrs. Russell, instead of trying to aid me in the search for the assassin, was knowingly keeping back necessary information.

"I left the widow, after making arrangements for another interview. To my astonishment the next day her residence was advertised for immediate sale, the furniture to be auctioned the following day.

"I attended the sale. The goods were sold at an immense sacrifice, and a chum of mine took advantage of the opportunity to purchase a bureau for his bedroom. Mrs. Russell had taken up temporary quarters at the Palmer House.

"On getting the bureau to his lodgings, my friend began to dust out the drawers. On opening one he found an old yellow wig, done up in a fashionable shape. He mentioned the circumstance to me, and I persuaded him to give me the wig, on the ground that it would be useful in my professional pursuits.

"I lost no time in taking my treasure to the office. I compared the hair of the wig with the one I picked from off Russell's coat collar.

They were exactly alike in color and texture. I procured a strong microscope and by the aid of its piercing vision found similarities which could not be seen by the naked eye. I went in search of all the yellow wigs in the city. With none did the hair correspond in every particular as with the wig found in the bureau.

"I became convinced that the person who shot Russell wore that old yellow wig!

"But to make assurance doubly sure, I consulted an able scientist—a gentleman who has rendered valuable services in numerous intricate murder cases. I entrusted the single hair to his hands, with a request that he should make a report as to its peculiarities, if it possessed any. In two weeks' time I received his report. It was, of course, full of technicalities and scientific jargon, but the pith was that the hair had not fallen from the head of a living person!

"His reasons for this opinion were abstruse, but were none the less convincing. He pointed out certain peculiarities about the roots of human hair which he failed to find in the one I had submitted for his inspection. This, he was prepared to prove by scientific reasoning, was cut from a woman's head.

"I next took him the yellow wig, and after a few moments of comparison, he positively declared that the hair which I had taken from the coat collar dropped therefrom!"

Harris paused at this juncture. He evidently expected me to make some remark, and I asked if he had imparted to me the full extent of his researches.

"Yes," he replied, emphatically; "But I can lay my finger on the murderess at any moment!"

"Who in the world is she?" I inquired, half expecting what his answer would be.

"Mrs. Russell," was the rejoinder, given in a stage whisper.

"But the finding of this wig in a bureau which formerly belonged to her is not conclusive proof that she committed the horrible crime," I reasoned.

"Perhaps not to the reportorial mind, but it is to mine. Listen. The stories the widow has told about their happy marital relations are all bosh. My theory now is, that she loved Russell to distraction. His pecadillos became known to her, and she was fired with jealousy. She saw this 'personal' I have spoken of. She answered it, appointing a time and place of meeting. Her whole moral nature revolted at this last evidence of her husband's infidelity. She worked herself up to a frenzy of passion. She determined to keep the appointment, perhaps at first with the hope that she might win Russell back to a life of rectitude. She disguised herself in the old wig, the better to carry out her plans. She entered the room and found her recreant spouse sleeping

calmly while awaiting the coming of another. The demon of revenge and hatred got possession of her. She fired the fatal shot and sent the guilty soul of her husband into eternity! Then she hurried from the house. I am ready to stake my professional reputation on the correctness of this theory."

I muttered something about its being strange that none of the inmates of the house heard the report of the pistol.

"Oh," said Harris, "there is nothing peculiar about that. You know the racket that is often kicked up in the parlors of hotels. My explanation is, that there was a boisterous party in the house at the time, and the noise of the shot escaped attention amid the general confusion."

"Well, what do you propose to do?" was my next query.

"Do?" he rejoined, with a glitter of excitement in his eyes, "I am going to frighten her into a confession. If I can bring this case to a successful end, I am made for life. It's too good a chance for a young fellow to miss."

He then told me that Mrs. Russell was in Boston living quietly with some relatives. Next day he

was to start East to put his plan into execution. I was to be prepared to write up the sensation big on the receipt of telegraphic intimation of his success. In the meantime I was to keep my own counsel.

The following day I was surprised by another visit from the detective. There was a troubled, disappointed look on his face, and I at once thought that his pet theory had collapsed in some way or other. He did not wait for questions, but in a sepulchral tone exclaimed:

"It's all over. Mrs. Russell is dead!"

After recovering from my astonishment, I asked eagerly for particulars.

"Read these," he replied, thrusting two letters into my hands.

The first contained a simple announcement that Mrs. Russell had died very suddenly, and that among her papers the second letter was found securely sealed, with an indorsement that it should be sent to Harris immediately after the writer's death.

It is necessary for the purposes of this narrative that the sealed letter should be given in full. It was as follows:

"To Mr. H. Harris,

"——'s Detective Agency, Chicago.

"My Dear Friend—I feel that my life is fast ebbing away. Before I die I wish to make a confession which perhaps interests you now more than any one else. It is hard to do so, but I feel I must. The shocking truth must come out.

"My husband met his death at my hands!

"I know this horrible revelation will shock you deeply, but I make it so that you need not look any further for the murderer.

"I was driven to the deed by jealousy. I loved my husband dearly—so dearly that I preferred his death to dishonor,—for is it not dishonorable to leave a lawful, loving wife for the embraces of lewd and mercenary women?

"The appointment at the —— Hotel was made with me. I saw a 'personal' in a morning paper and answered it under a false name. The burning words of love with which my husband replied made me wild. I could think of nothing but my discarded affection. I could not keep down the mad promptings of revenge.

"I visited the house, disguised in a blonde wig which I had often used in private theatricals. My husband was asleep on the couch. For a moment my resolution staggered. I stroked his head gently, and had thoughts of falling at his feet and beseeching him to give me back his love. He muttered a name in his sleep, which froze my good resolve.

"I sprang from his side. A paroxysm of rage and jealousy seized me. I raised a pistol and fired! The bullet did its work only too well. My husband neither moved nor groaned. I saw the blood ooze from his temple and knew that I had killed him! I rushed from the house. The shot had not been heard,

for the sound of the piano and of conversation and merry laughter still came from the parlor.

"I went home. My absence had not been noticed. I was possessed with a stony calmness. I undressed and went to bed as usual, and, strange to say, I slept.

"No sooner had I awoke in the morning than the terrible crime flashed upon me in all its naked horror. I thought of giving myself up to justice, but eventually decided that enough misery had been imposed on our families by my rash deed. I nerved myself up to act the part which you witnessed.

"All the time my heart was breaking. Oh! the pangs of remorse I suffered!

"I tried to ease my conscience by telling of my husband's love and devoted attention. But the experiment only imposed upon me two-fold misery. At last I was compelled to leave the scene of my crime.

"But travel did not cure the canker of remorse. Wherever I went I saw the dead body of my husband, with the blood oozing out of his ghastly forehead.

"I came to my relatives here. I knew I had not long to live. The excitement of the previous year had undermined a constitution never strong. I write now with the cold sweat of death on my hands.

"I make this confession to you freely. You deserve as much from my hands, since you have spent many weary hours in unraveling what is no longer a mystery to you.

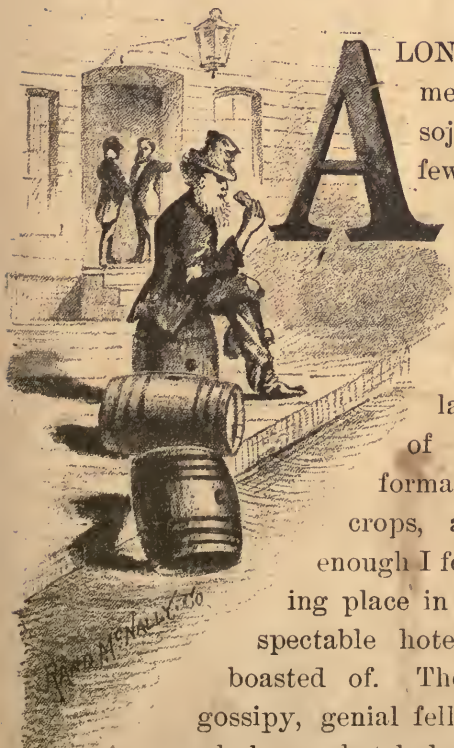
"Do with this what you please. I have no request to make. But oh! remember that you have in your keeping the horrible secret of a woman, soon to be cold in death, who was driven to crime by an unrequited passion.

"Farewell! God bless you! ADA RUSSELL."

I must say that the pathos of these dying words of a wretched woman affected me deeply. Harris seemed also very much cut up. We consulted as to the advisability of publishing full particulars of the crime. Harris, however, sank all feelings of personal ambition, and declared against publication on the ground that it could do no possible good. Although such a splendid "scoop" would have added vastly to my reputation, out of feelings of humanity I agreed to suppress the sensation.

LEAF II.

THE ROMANCE OF A TRAMP.



ALONG in the summer of 1878 I was sojourning for a few days in the little town of C——, on the Illinois Central Road, engaged in the laborious task of collecting information about the crops, and naturally enough I found a breathing place in the only respectable hotel the village boasted of. The landlord, a gossipy, genial fellow, had formerly been a hotel clerk in Chicago,

and remembered me as an indomitable investigator into the mysteries of his register in old days. It was, perhaps, to this circumstance that I was indebted for an inside glimpse into the strange, eventful history I am about to relate.

The village was suffering at the time from the annual influx of tramps, and mine host had had his full share of the infliction—or, as he called it, the inflation.

"The devil take them all," said he, in a burst of honest indignation—but, suddenly checking himself, he added—"and still, poor devils, they are perhaps not all to blame for their miseries."

"There's a case," he continued, "that I have somehow taken an unaccountable interest in, because it don't seem quite a common case of tramp."

The "case" referred to was sitting on the top of an empty beer keg, munching a crust of bread, and seeming to pay no attention to what was going on around him, except when the landlord's glance turned in his direction, when he would make an uneasy movement, and pull his cap down over his eyes as if seeking to shun scrutiny. He was a haggard, woe-begone looking individual, without anything to mark him

as distinct from the ordinary vagrant, save a certain something that denoted a kind of frayed gentility.

"I have met that man somewhere," pursued the landlord, "and I'm going to find out where. I think I'll give him a bed for the night, just for fun."

And he followed up his resolve by at once going to the stranger and proffering him a shelter for the night.

As the man turned round to say a word of thanks, my Boniface, after a keen look into the other's face, seized him sharply by the arm, and exclaimed:

"Look here, haven't I met you somewhere before?"

"That's hardly likely," said the man, "for I have never been in this part of the country till now."

"Isn't your name Howson, and weren't you a doctor of medicine in New Hampshire once?"

The effect of this question was to start the stranger to his feet, and to cause the sweat to stand in beads upon his brow.

"For God's sake," he gasped, in a beseeching tone, "don't say a word. You wouldn't give

me away, would you? How did you know me? Do you know who I am?"

"If I'm not mistaken, I think I know you pretty well. I have a good memory for faces—it's my business, you know. So your name *is* Howson, then?"

"Well, what if it is," said the stranger, sullenly, "did you never meet a fellow of that name before?" [This was a bit of bravado evidently aimed toward me, for I was listening intently to the colloquy. I shifted my seat, but kept within earshot of what followed.]

Said the landlord: "You gave *yourself* away a minute ago. Now don't try and bluff, and don't be scared about *me*. I know some things that might astonish people. Don't you know what became of Ellen Elroy?"

"I heard that she had gone to the devil," said Howson, "and I suppose that's the case. I know *I* have, and if you mean to give me up, why—"

"Not a bit of it," said the landlord, "I mean to give you a bed. I suppose you led her to the devil, as you say, but she never got quite there. She found her way home in the long run."

The tramp began to look more nervous than ever.

"Do you mean that she went back to her father's house?" he said, anxiously.

"Well, she got there finally, I believe, but before that, she was picked up in Chicago as a common vagrant and sent to the Bridewell. Somebody, I won't say who, got her out, and she went home East, and one day she was found dead, not far from the old man's house."

This intelligence appeared to relieve the mind of Howson, and he was visibly anxious to escape further investigation by accepting the offer of shelter. He was put into a vacant room, where he crept into a "shake-down" in the corner, drew a quilt over his head, and to all appearance fell asleep.

We did not retire to rest that night, for the landlord was considerably wrought up over the meeting, and, as may be imagined, I was all agog to pluck out the heart of the mystery.

"What a strange chance it was that brought that man here," said he; "it is just fifteen years ago this very month that Dr. Howson disappeared from his home, and he has never been seen or heard of since."

"Who is he, and who was Ellen Elroy, and what did he run away for, and why did she jump

into the Chicago Bridewell," said I; "Come, old man, this will be a good sensation."

"That's all you fellows think of," returned he, "—a good sensation! yes, a mighty curious one this, if you knew it all. But I have good reasons for keeping this thing out of sight, as no good could ever come now of its publication, and maybe lots of trouble. Besides I couldn't identify him, and if I could — Tell you what I will do," he said, after a reflective pause, "I will tell you all about it, but only on condition that you give me your word of honor *not* to write it up for the papers. I have my reasons."

I reluctantly gave him my pledge, and he forthwith put me in possession of a family history which offers a striking illustration of the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction. The narrative ran somewhat as follows :—

Not very long ago a woman was arrested in Chicago near Polk Street bridge. She was evidently a stranger in the city, and it was remarked that while her clothes denoted a condition of abject poverty, the face was one of singular beauty, and wore an expression such as belongs only to well bred people. On being taken to the police she was denounced as an old bummer, and sen-

tenced as such to the usual term in the Bridewell. She gave her name to the magistrate as Alice Enright, but on searching her, as is customary, the policeman found a small faded pocket book containing a card, one old photograph, and a few apparently unimportant memoranda. These were exhibited to the privileged professional gentlemen at the station, and that seemed to be the end of it.

To only one man in the city did these scraps convey any significance, and he, for reasons best known to himself, chose to give his surmises no publicity. This man was none other than my landlord, then a clerk in one of our hotels.

"I learned the whole truth afterward," said he, "and found that my suspicions had been correct."

This woman was the daughter of a wealthy gentleman of New Hampshire, whose family are still living there. His name was Elroy. He was a haughty, imperious man, proud of his wealth, and still prouder of his lineage, which he drew from one of the aristocratic names of the mother country. His only child, a daughter, was the joy and pride of his heart. Upon her he lavished all the affection in his nature, and all that wealth could do was devoted to her mental and physical

nurture. And a bright and beautiful girl she grew up to be, excelling in all the accomplishments that conduce to make a charming woman.

The time came when Ellen was of marriageable age, and this was an event to which the father had long looked forward with eager expectancy, for he had set his heart on wedding her to a young nephew who bore the family name, so that the possessions might descend in an unbroken line to his posterity.

The nephew was a young man of negative qualities as to mind, but irreproachable in his conduct, and devotedly attached to his beautiful cousin. Ellen, on the other hand, regarded her *fiancee* with only a mild respect, and she was decidedly averse to marrying him. She rather preferred the companionship of a young medical student, between whom and herself there existed, it was whispered, a feeling warmer than esteem. In fact, the gossips remarked that the flirtation between young Howson and Ellen was getting to a point where it was time to put a stop to it.

By and bye matters came to a crisis. The daughter was offered the alternative of marrying her cousin, or of being disinherited, and the girl, knowing the unrelenting temper of her parent

when his will was thwarted, after a struggle to have her own way, succumbed.

The marriage took place; the happy couple went through their honey-moon, like any other happy couple; and so the romance was at an end, for the time being.

But only for a time. In these days the real romance too often only begins at the tying of the nuptial knot; and so it was with our wedded pair. To all appearance they were what the world would call a perfectly well mated couple—she gracing her position with becoming dignity, and he devoting himself to her with an affectionate solicitude that could not but win her respect.

But there was "a little rift within the lute," and there came a shadow on the horizon of their wedded life, "no bigger than a man's hand," which was soon to envelope them in the dark storm of fate.

About a year after an heir to the house of Elroy came into the world, there arrived again in the neighborhood the young physician who has already been introduced into this narrative. Being of respectable connections he very soon got into a good practice, and there seemed to be no reason why he should not resume his acquaint-

ance with the friends of his youth. In fact, he became a frequent visitor to their home, and was welcomed both by the husband and wife as an old friend. Nor did there arise in the minds of the family a suspicion of any undue intimacy between the young wife and her former lover; and indeed, their conduct was at no time such as to warrant such an inference. On the contrary, the husband and the doctor became fast friends, so that when one day the former was seized with a serious illness, the latter was sent for to attend him. The illness assumed an alarming phase, and after lingering in sore agony for many days the husband died.

He died, and the event made the customary stir and tumult among the relatives until he was quietly interred; and the widow put on her weeds, and received with quiet resignation the condolences of her friends; and the family physician handed in his certificate, and attended the funeral.

It was now that the conduct of the physician began to arouse the curiosity of some of the relatives, and people who have a happy knack of "putting this and that together" were not slow in hinting that there was something wrong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somewhere. These murmurs grew more ominous as the days went on, and eventually it was suggested by a friend of the family, who said he knew of something, that the body should be exhumed, and an examination made. The "something" hinted at was the discovery in the bedroom of the dead man, of certain preparations of arsenic. There had been nothing in the disease to warrant the administration of this drug, and now it was remembered that the symptoms were those which might be produced by arsenic.

When Howson was informed of the intention to exhume the remains he turned deadly pale, but controlling himself with an effort he sought to pooh-pooh the matter, until seeing there was a fixed determination to have a resurrection of the body, he professed his acquiescence and intimated his entire willingness to assist at the autopsy.

But on the day when the remains of young Elroy were to be exhumed and submitted to an examination of experts, Dr. Howson was nowhere to be found. He had disappeared, and it turned out that his disappearance had been discovered early on the evening preceding the day of the exhumation.

The post mortem revealed quite clearly the fact that Elroy had been poisoned, and it only remained to find the murderer. The missing physican was at once pointed out as the culprit, and as a natural consequence tongues began to be busy in defaming the unhappy widow. His intimacy with the family and his former relations with Mrs. Elroy were accepted as proof strong as holy writ that there were a pair of guilty ones in the dark transaction. And although none had dared to point the finger of suspicion at her, there were not wanting those who circulated bits of insidious gossip which slowly sapped her fair fame, and began to make life a weariness to her.

Worst of all, her father, to whose wish she had sacrificed her first maidenly love, turned his stern face coldly upon her. She had nothing now left to her but her boy.

One evening, immediately succeeding the occurrences just narrated, the child was about to repeat his "Now I lay me," when, looking up into his mother's face, he lisped out these words, terrible to a mother's heart: "Mamma, my gra'pa says I must only say Go' bless papa now."

The horrible truth flashed on her mind that her

father suspected her of complicity in the murder of her husband.

The next day a new theme was furnished the gossips of the district by the sudden disappearance of Mrs. Elroy, who had of course gone off to join her paramour and the partner of her guilt.

* * * * *

Had she gone to him? Ah, murder, they say, will out, but who shall say on what day the mysteries of the human heart are to be unveiled! Perhaps not even at the judgment seat of the Most High.

At the close of this sad history we may be able to catch a fleeting glimpse of the truth.

Let the reader here imagine for himself where that doubly, trebly forsaken woman went. There would be many and various surmises. Did she sneak away from her home and her child to unite her fortunes with a murderer and a seducer? Did she burst away from her home in wrath and agony, seeing nothing in the garden that she loved but the angel with the flaming sword, forbidding her to re-enter the hallowed doors? Or, did she wander forth, like Hagar in the desert, only without the solace of a Hagar—her only boy—despair in her soul, and seeking after a just

retribution, which God only knew was her recompense!

All that was known was that Ellen Elroy was gone from her home, and only a few, a very few kindly souls had the courage to say that perhaps after all she was more sinned against than sinning.

* * * * *

During the Colvin Administration one afternoon a shabbily dressed woman, who had all the appearance of a lady, came into the Mayor's office, and made a piteous appeal to his Honor. She said her father was dying and she *must* go to him before he died.

"Where does your father live?" said the Mayor.

"In New Hampshire," said the woman; "it's far away, but there's much depends on this—more than I can tell you, and I haven't a penny nor a friend in the world. Can't you help me on?"

The good-hearted Mayor perceived a "something above the common" in his petitioner, and with his accustomed generosity, he, after suitable inquiry, helped her along to her destination. This circumstance was reported, with sundry other items of municipal gossip, at the moment, and

passed to where all good items go, without comment.

[The narrator desires to say here that the above circumstance has been inserted in this place after a careful comparison of some old notes of events with my landlord's narration. It is important as a link in the chain.]

Just at this time, in his palatial residence in New Hampshire, an old man was lying in the daily expectation of death. His worldly affairs had all been arranged, and he was looking forward to other prospects in the kingdom to come. One evening he was told that a poor woman—a tramp—had been driven away from his door—a bad looking, miserable looking creature.

"Take her into the kitchen," said the dying man, "if she comes back again, and give her something to eat."

The next night she came again, and they gave her to eat and drink. She was a forlorn, haggard, almost forbidding object, with hollow, bloodshot eyes and hunger-bitten cheeks.

She said to the servant: "My father is dying, and I want to see him."

The servant went up to the dying man and told him the woman down there was mad.

They sent her away.

The day after she came back to the house. She said to the housekeeper, "Tell Mr. Elroy that I am his daughter Ellen, and that I must see him before he dies."

"His daughter," said the housekeeper, "has been dead many years. You must get away from here, my poor woman."

Does my father know that his daughter is dead?

"He has known that long ago,—but go away from here, or you'll disturb him, and he's dying."

"My God! it's because he's dying that I must see him, and that at once. Let me go to him, and he will know me."

The impassioned creature broke past the ancient servitor and rushed up the long flight of stairs till she reached the bedside of the dying man. A physician and other attendants there tried to intercept her, but she reached the bed, and kneeling down cried out:

"Father, I am Ellen, don't you know me?"

Ragged, wayworn, defaced by misery, sorrow, want, and wrong—it was perhaps no wonder that the dying man shook his head and told the doctor to take the poor mad creature away.

She was again thrust from the doors and driven into the dark, bitter midnight.

The next morning the dead body of a woman was found in a small pond adjoining the grounds of the house. It was that of the poor mad creature who had been twice thrust away from her father's door.

The peace of God was in her looks. Death, the great leveler, the great beautifier, had recognized the wanderer, and with his merciful hand had effaced all traces of her earthly sufferings. The poor rags still clung about her wasted form, but her face wore the smile her mother would have known. The weary soul was at rest.

They bore her to her old home and told the old man that his child had come. With his dying eyes he looked upon the face he had seen the night before but did not know—that he saw now and recognized.

In death they were not divided.

* * * * *

When the landlord ended his recital the dawn was peeping through the casement, and I went to bed. Before I fell asleep, however, I heard a sound outside my window, and peeping cautiously out, I was amazed to see our tramp and the landlord engaged in a low but earnest conversation. Howson had a small bundle in his hand, and after saying a hurried good-bye, he made his way rapidly down the dusty road and was lost to my view.

"In the name of all that's wonderful," I said to the landlord in the morning, "what prompted

you to connive at that scoundrel's escape? Aren't you sure of your man?"

"As sure as I am of my breakfast," he returned, "but I have another secret to tell you, since I have trusted you so far. I would not tell you that if you had not seen me let him go."

"What is that?" I asked, in wonder.

"That man you saw go from my house this morning—you will keep this to yourself?"

"Surely."

"He is my wife's only brother."

"One thing more—was Ellen Elroy guilty?"

"I would give the world to know," said the landlord, "but he would not tell, and now we may never know that mystery."

* * * * *

Last winter a wretched vagrant was found half dead from hunger and cold on the streets of Chicago, and was carried to the County Hospital. He absolutely refused to give his name, or tell where he came from, so he was entered as plain John Smith. He was dying.

About two hours before the end came, he called the nurse to his bedside, and, fumbling in his breast for something, drew forth a tattered and greasy pocket book.

"There is nothing in it that's of any importance to any one here," he gasped. "There is but one man living that it could have any meaning for." He added, breathing hard as he neared the grim portal, "if you have any pity for a poor dying man, will you send this to the landlord of the hotel at C——?"

"I promise to do it," said the nurse.

His thin wan fingers tightened for a moment on the pocket book, and then relaxed their hold.

The tramp had entered upon the beaten road we must all travel. He was dead!

* * * * *

The pocket book contained nothing but an old letter, and this was the contents:

"When I sought you it was to kill you. I meant to do it and then die myself. But when I saw you and found what you had become, I chose a better revenge. I thank God the guilt of blood is not on my soul, as it is on yours. George, I once loved you—loved you blindly, madly, and now I hate you with my whole heart—that heart which you have crushed. Through your horrible act I have been driven a wanderer upon the face of the earth. You have brought upon me the scorn and wrath of my kindred, and the darkest suspicion of the world. You have made me dishonor an honest name, and bring a father's gray hairs perhaps in sorrow to the grave. But I would not kill you. I thank my God that wild temptation has passed. You will never hear of me again, but mark me, the curse of a

wronged woman rests upon your head. God is just—the eternal law of Him will be satisfied. I am your accusing angel, and this will be your doom: You will sink from your present fancied prosperity by slow but sure degrees, until you, like me, become a wretched wanderer on the earth. Men will shun you as a pestilence. You will die in wretchedness and woe, and will be buried in a pauper's grave. Amen! Amen! I wish it from my soul. These are the last words you will ever hear from

ELLEN."

LEAF III.

THE CARNIVAL'S VICTIM.

HOW much romance, what agony and experience of life's sterner realities are sometimes concealed in the curt and carelessly written paragraphs of a daily paper! If we could read on and discover the motives which actuated, the springs which moved, the human mind to do the deed so hastily and briefly recorded, we should frequently have

the particulars of a life's history more pregnant and absorbing than are contained in the most sensational fictions of a Dumas, a Reade, or a Miss Braddon.

In the columns of a morning paper of May, 1879, the reader of this leaf perhaps perused a paragraph similar to the following, and passed it over without a further thought:

"Last evening, about half past 6 o'clock, the corpse of a female, young and elegantly dressed, was discovered washed ashore at the rear of the Exposition Building, and conveyed to the Morgue. The coroner was notified, who called a jury, whose verdict was, that the unknown deceased came by her death from drowning, but whether accidentally or suicidally the jury had no means of ascertaining. There were no marks upon the linen, or in the pockets of the drowned party, likely to lead to her identification. The corpse remains at the Morgue for identification."

That was all the papers ever contained of the case, but not all they could have published if remarkable measures had not been taken to suppress the facts, which I shall now endeavor, very briefly, to lay before the reader.

I was delegated to hunt up the facts in the case, and proceeded to that last sad caravansary for the floater, the "found dead," and the unknown suicide who takes the reins of Omnipotence

in his own hands, careless what becomes of his remains.

On a rude tressel table lay the body of the drowned woman, while on a line above hung underwear of fine linen profusely ornamented with Torchon lace, skirts heavily embroidered, stockings of silver gray with a delicate carmine thread of silk forming foliage upon the instep, black satin corsets, a handsome walking suit of brocade and velvet, while upon the coarse planks upon which she lay were a pair of Spanish arch boots and a hat, which had, until its freshness was destroyed by the waters of the lake, been jaunty with its broad buckle and long feather.

A long white sheet concealed the body, making that unmistakable line of curves and angles which tells, plainer than any words, the sad secret of mortality which it reveals rather than hides. A wealth of light brown hair shot with gold hung over the end of the table dank and heavy, yet, in its broad bands of light and shade showing how carefully it had been cared for.

Removing the covering from the poor, dead face, I looked upon one of the most beautiful creatures it had ever been my lot to see. Death could not, in so short a time, and with such rude

notice, mar its gorgeous lineaments. White as chiseled marble, with the roseate lips slightly parted and revealing even rows of pearly teeth; delicately penciled eyebrows and long black lashes lying heavily upon the cheek, she lay as though calmly sleeping.

The corpse had not been long enough in the water to become discolored or disfigured, and the supple form and rounded limbs were models for a sculptor.

I started back in horror, for I knew her at a glance. It was the worshiped beauty who on the principal night of the Author's Carnival had impersonated the ——— !

What her name was, from whence she came, or why she had thus invited death, I did not know, but of one thing I was certain—that it was the same splendid creature who with merely a diaphanous scarf and white silk fleshings had stood upon the pedestal on the immense stage of the Carnival to be seen and admired by thousands. Then, that rounded form was instinct with life; now, it was awaiting its decay. Then, the extended arm and taper hand trembled with excitement beneath the dove that perched upon the outstretched finger; now, they were pressed

close to the clay-cold figure, never to be lifted again.

I concealed from the keeper of the Morgue the secret I felt sure I possessed, and determined at the same time to discover to which of our wealthy families she belonged, and the reasons which impelled her to take her life and future in her own hands.

Telling the man that I would look in again, I left the place. My brain was in a whirl of excitement. A thousand schemes for the elucidation of the mystery flashed through my mind. Nothing, however, could be done that night, and I went about my assignments in the most mechanical way and without the slightest interest in the petty cases of drunk and disorderly and other items of ordinary police court intelligence.

When my final copy was in, I left the office, and dropping into the usual midnight lunch place on Clark street, I took a single glass of beer and a sandwich, and then repaired to my bachelor room; but not to sleep. Plan after plan throbbed through my brain, but none seemed feasible. If for a few moments I dropped into semi-unconsciousness, the cold, white face of the corpse appeared close to mine, and once, when positively

asleep, I awoke with a start as I saw the rigid form in all its horrible nudity arise from its tressel table and assume the precise attitude of the tableau at the Exposition.

I could bear it no longer. I jumped from my couch, and putting on my clothes, lighted my meerschaum and tried to read "*L'Assommoir.*" The quiet sleeper at the Morgue became mingled with the quarreling women in the lavatory. The demon would not down, and it was a relief when the rising sun, peering in at the window, proclaimed it day.

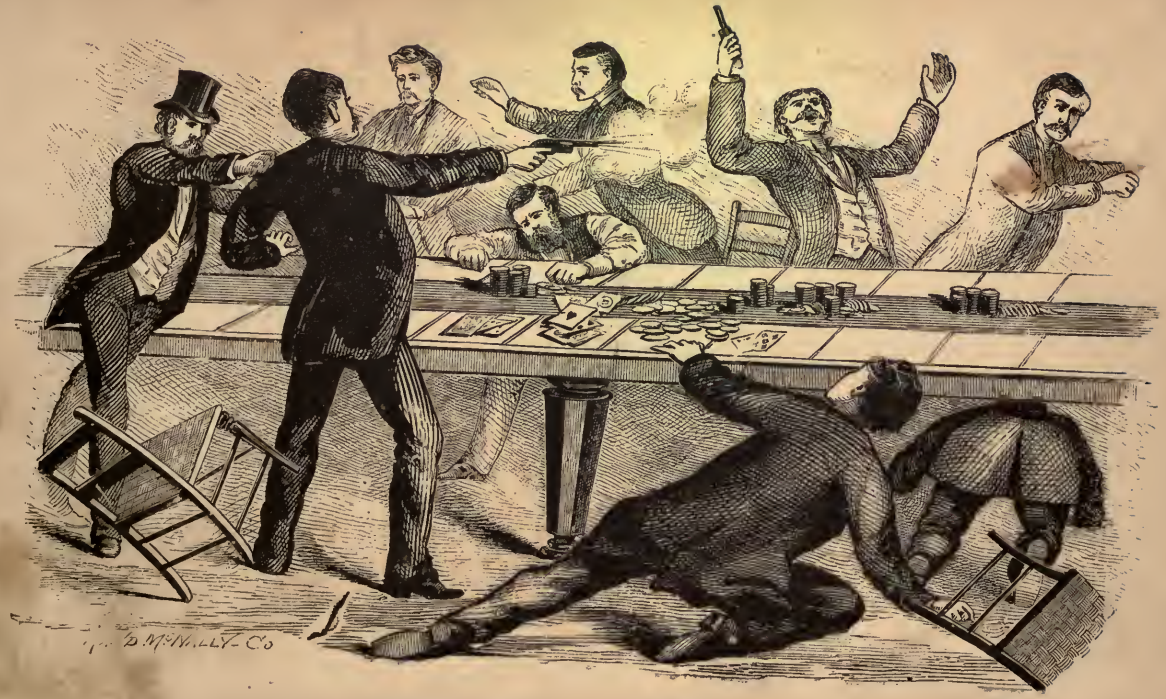
Making a hasty toilet, and taking a still hastier breakfast at a restaurant, I again bent my steps to the Morgue.

What was my astonishment to find that the corpse had been taken away in the night, and the keeper was peculiarly reticent as to what disposal had been made of it. Neither bribes, flatteries nor threats would loosen his tongue, but a friendly policeman, who knew me as a reporter, and whose beat took him by the building, informed me that a close carriage driven by a man in quiet livery, bottle-green, as near as he could judge in the lamplight, had stopped at the Morgue about one o'clock. An elderly gentleman with a long white

beard and close-cropped hair had descended and entered the place. Returning after a considerable period, he had spoken some words in a low tone to the coachman, who had driven rapidly away. About an hour afterwards a hearse had drawn up, without plumes or ornament of any kind. A plain burial case had been carried into the Morgue by two men, who immediately returned, assisted by the keeper of the institution. The coffin, evidently heavier, was replaced in the hearse, and it was driven away. This was absolutely all that I could learn.

What was next to be done? I inquired of the policeman the color of the team, ascertained one horse to be roan, the other a lighter gray, the carriage dark brown or chocolate, not certain which, and, with these particulars as my principal clew, I determined on discovering all connected with this case of suicide, for accidental drowning it could scarcely possibly be.

My first endeavor was to ascertain, if the slightest chance existed, who the lady was whose partially undraped form at the Author's Carnival had caused so much animadversion and elicited anything but complimentary comments from the daily press. It will be remembered that it was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stated at the time, that certain ladies connected with the leading families of Chicago had consented to exhibit their personal charms, with an abandonment almost equaling that of Matt Morgan's Art Statuary, or the "Model Artists" of Mabel Santley, on condition that their names were not known, but that public opinion being strongly against the initial exhibition, a greater amount of drapery had been used in the later tableaux.

Some people looked upon the statement as a mere trick of the manager to insure larger receipts, he thinking rightly that men about town would bleed more readily for the chance of seeing in such deshabille ladies of fashion, than for gazing upon the meretricious charms of professional models and shameless creatures who would for a few dollars denude themselves of drapery just so far as the police would permit, and only stop the process of undressing by the edict of the authorities. Others declared that the manager of the Carnival had brought with him these women and that they posed as a mere matter of business, which would have destroyed the zest of hunters after prurience who estimate their excitement by the difficulties surrounding its attainment.

Which of these theories was true I had no means of judging, but feeling certain that the dead body in the Morgue was the living ——— of the Carnival, and that the arrival of the carriage and the carrying away of the corpse pointed to her being one of our own leading citizens, I clung to the former, correctly, as it will be seen in the sequel.

The manager I could not interview, as he had received his twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of the charity entertainment, and was off to reap fresh harvests in other fields. Even if he had been on the spot, I could perhaps have obtained nothing from him which would have assisted my search.

I was acquainted with many of the gentlemen and a few of the ladies who had taken part in the Carnival, and I began assiduously and industriously to question them. Some evidently knew nothing, and others would say nothing, though from one lady who had been one of the choicest spirits in the affair from beginning to end, I extracted a semi-admission that the love of praise, and the consciousness of very fine physical development, had induced several ladies to offer themselves as classic statues so long as their

names were concealed, and the whitening process precluded the possibility of recognition of their facial lines, trusting, I suppose, to the hope that the eagle eye of love might, in those they wished to charm, pierce the thin disguise of a coat of artistic calcimining.

I was at a stand-still. My next move was to scrutinize all the fashionable equipages I could see on the principal drives and thoroughfares, but the chocolate carriage, the roan and gray, and the white bearded old gentleman with the bottle-green coachman, eluded my search, until, two weeks afterwards, my heart came to a sudden stop and my brain actually throbbed with excitement, as I saw, standing opposite the ladies' entrance of the Palmer House, the carriage and the horses.

I sauntered slowly by. A man with a tall hat and small cockade, a bottle-green overcoat almost down to his heels, held open the door, as from a store next to the Palmer House entrance emerged not an old man, but a tall elderly lady, seemingly bowed with the weight of years, in deep mourning, and with a heavy crape veil reaching to the knee and effectually concealing her features, crossed the sidewalk and entered the vehicle.

The coachman mounted the box, drove slowly into State street and turning north, followed by myself, stopped at a bookstore, where with half a dozen splendidly bound books, not made into a parcel, stood waiting *an elderly gentleman with a long white beard and close-cropped hair.* Eureka! I almost shouted to myself, as I saw him hand in the books and then get into the carriage!

Of course I set the couple down at once as the father and mother of the victim. But it is not well to hurry to conclusions, since in the course of this narrative the reader will find that I was mistaken.

What was I to do? was the next question. Here was a carriage with a span of fast horses. That was evident from the blood they showed. I was on foot, and no carriage nearer than Monroe street. Luckily at this moment one of Tilden's men whom I knew came along with an empty vehicle. I hailed him and he drove to the curb-stone. I asked him if he knew whose team it was standing by the door. He replied in the negative.

"Then wait till it goes away, and follow it at such a distance as to escape observation without losing sight of the direction it takes,"

said I, and springing in I drew up the blinds and lighted a cigar, certain that I had at last attained my object.

In a few minutes the carriage turned south and went up State street and I followed. At Twenty-second street we turned to the east and then south, and after going for a good half mile, the carriage stopped at a palatial residence on one of the most fashionable avenues.

The lady and gentleman alighted and a male help out of livery opened the door, descended the steps and taking the books and parcels from the carriage, followed his master and mistress into the house, the coach driving up the alley to the mews in the rear of the building.

I had bagged the game, and my next proceeding was to go and take a drink at a handsome sample room on the corner of an adjacent cross-street.

"Who lives at such a number?" I asked of the bar-keeper, pointing to the residence as I spoke.

He gave me the name without hesitation.

"What family have they?" I inquired.

"None," he replied.

"What! no daughter?" I asked.

"No," said he, "but they had a very beauti-

ful young lady staying with them during the Carnival, who left as soon as it was over, and the blinds have been down and the house has looked as dull as the devil ever since."

"Do you know where she was from?" I asked, in the most off-hand way.

"Well, so far as I know," the bar-tender replied, "their coachman told me that she was from Buffalo, N. Y."

Paying for my drink and the driver's cigar, I left the bar-room, and dismissing my carriage at Wabash avenue I took a street car and hurried to the office. I dropped into the editorial room and hunted up the Buffalo dailies. A short search discovered what I wanted, or at least I thought so. In the obituary column of the leading daily I found a notice of the death of Miss Blanche ———, age nineteen, suddenly, in Chicago, May —, 1879. I waited impatiently for the two or three next issues of the paper, and sure enough there was a detailed description of the arrival of the body and its interment, so strictly according in date and detail as to leave no doubt at all on my mind that she it was whose corpse I had seen in the Morgue.

But this was only half the mystery. How was

she drowned? Why did she commit suicide? Was it really *felo de se* or ———? I could carry self-questioning no further. But now the strangest part of this true suppressed sensation comes —so wonderful, so extravagantly outre, that it is indeed "too strange not to be true." If ever fact was stranger than fiction, and if ever the iniquities of a large city were so thoroughly brought to light as to be a warning for all time, it was in the denouement of this history. Why Fate should have made me, a penniless Bohemian reporter for a daily paper, the means of its discovery, is more than I can tell, but that so it was, the reader will see.

I had not been at the office more than half an hour when I was told by the city editor that a dying gambler who had been shot by a companion over a little game of faro, wished to see me in a room over a tiger-bucking den on Clark street. The reader will remember the newspaper account of the shooting published at the time, and the name of the man is familiar to all the sporting fraternity.

I shouldered my note book and departed for the place, vexed at the thought that my search after the Morgue mystery should be thus delayed,

and not for a moment supposing that I was going post haste towards its denouement.

Does the outside world know how professional gamblers in Chicago live? None of that feverish struggle after a resting place, that utter disregard of every convenience beyond the board of green cloth, that carelessness of everything except the excitement of the gaming table which we read of in the novels of the day, distinguishes their career. A prince of the blood could not have occupied a more luxurious apartment than the one in which I found the wounded card sharper, lying on an elegant couch, covered with a spread of pink satin and propped up by immaculate pillows bordered with lace. His face was of a greenish pale hue, and from the pinched-in nose, and sunken eye, it was plain to see that his end was drawing near.

He recognized me at once, and languidly raising his arm pointed to a chair. I drew it to his bedside, and sitting down took his hand in mine. I had once befriended him when he was struggling to regain a foothold in the paths of rectitude and virtue, and it was this circumstance which had induced him to send for me to receive his dying words.

He, by a sign, dismissed the colored man who was attending upon him, and then said: "Put your hand beneath the pillow and you will find ——"

"A packet of letters," I replied, as I drew forth a small bundle, tied round with a pale blue ribbon.

"I could not die in peace until I had confessed to some one," he commenced, "and in all this great city I know of no one in whom I can place any confidence but you."

"Well, Jack," I interrupted, "you are safe in my hands; but how came you in this predicament?"

"Of that anon," said he; "but first let me ask if you have heard anything of a young woman's body which was found ——"

"In the lake," I interrupted, "and conveyed to the Morgue; a golden-haired, fair, black-eyed ——"

"Enough, enough, I see her now. She is here; she is there; she is everywhere. She has not been absent from my sight for a moment since she was picked out of the lake," he replied, wildly. "She is standing by your side now, looking sadly down upon her murderer."

I recoiled in horror, saying, "You don't mean to say, Jack, that you ——"

"Oh no, I did not actually throw her into the lake," he replied. "Better a thousand times that I had done so; but it was my damnable conduct which ruined her, which drove her to despair, which compelled her to seek rest in the cold, cruel waters of Lake Michigan."

How inscrutable are the workings of mysterious Fate! Here, where I least expected it, I was to obtain the information I had been so diligently but uselessly seeking.

"Go on, Jack, go on," I hurriedly exclaimed.

"Let me tell my story my own way," he replied, "and that while my strength remains, for the doctor tells me I have not twenty-four hours to live."

"Let us hope he is mistaken, and now I will interrupt you no more."

"I do not want to live longer than it will take to post you on the items, old fellow," he rejoined, a sad and sickly smile stealing over his attenuated cheeks. "Now to my story. I and a pal had been down to Buffalo, queering the greenies, and had made a big haul. We were both in high feather and well dressed. My chum went on to

New York, I took the train for Chicago. On board the car, traveling alone, was the loveliest creature you ever set your eyes upon. I took a seat opposite to hers, and without obtruding myself upon her, did her all the little services in my power. On reaching ——— the train stopped for refreshments, and seeing she did not get out, I brought a cup of coffee and some cakes to her car. She accepted them with but slight demur, and this led to a conversation in which I assumed the character of a well-known millionaire upon the Board of Trade. I soon found that I had made a favorable impression. In seemingly giving her my confidence I secured hers, and she told me that she was going to spend a month with her uncle on ——— avenue, whose name she mentioned, and that she should remain during the Carnival.

"Before we reached the city I saw that I had made a conquest, and with devilish ingenuity I concocted a specious tale to account for my not calling upon her people, and made arrangements for meeting her down town. Insinuating myself by degrees into her most intimate confidence, I found that she had been induced by some of her female friends who knew how exquisite was her

form, to impersonate the ——— at the approaching Carnival, confident that her incognito would be strictly kept, and that it would be impossible for those who knew her best to penetrate the disguise of a whitened face and Pompadour wig.

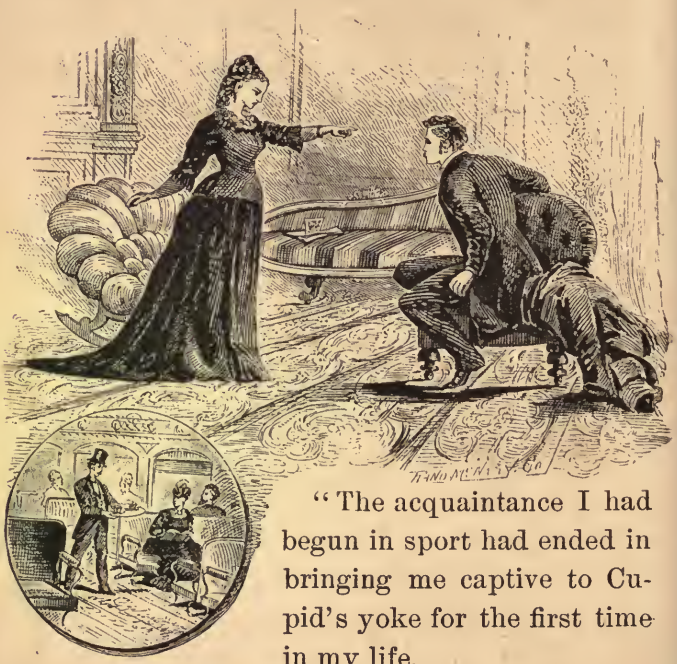
"She was there. She appeared upon the stage, and if before her exquisite face had brought the blood bounding to my brain, how much more did her splendid figure. It maddened me to think that in a few short days—weeks at the most—I should lose her for ever. She would return to her friends where I dared not follow. I had woven around me such a network of lies and deceit that I lived in hourly apprehension of discovery. I did not know but that even in that very building might be the man whose name I had assumed, and from a chance word which Blanche had dropped I knew that her uncle and the great "grain king" were intimately acquainted. Detection stared me in the face. It was not that I feared anything for myself. You know that I never quailed before the face of man. But to lose her—the thought was madness.

"I resolved to stake all upon the cast of one die. A gambler by instinct and education I never yet refused to play for big stakes, and were I in rude

health to-morrow I would throw dice for my life as coolly as if the bet were but a five dollar bill or a bottle of champagne. I resolved to pour out my heart to her—to tell her my devotion, and to assure her of my life-long love. That same evening we met. From her sweet lips I learned that she too loved. Alas! had she but kept back the confession she might have been alive and even happy to-day.

"It had been my intention to supplement my declaration of love by a full avowal of my real name, my occupation—I was going to say my character. I intended to throw myself upon her mercy, to beg of her for the love I bore to her to give me an opportunity to show by my amended life and altered ways, my genuine desire to make myself worthy of her. Can you believe it? Yet I could have done it but for the frankness with which she confessed to me amid the blushes which rendered her far more beautiful than ever, that I had won her heart.

"I forgot everything but that she was mine, and I dared not then risk my all upon a chance. The cool, calculating gambler turned coward before this woman—this embodiment of all that was good and pure and lovely.



"The acquaintance I had begun in sport had ended in bringing me captive to Cupid's yoke for the first time in my life.

"A wild thought darted through my brain. I would wed her first, and then—my confession. The tie of love bound stronger by the chain of Hymen she could not then give me up. Woe is me! I little knew her. Born and reared in sentiments of piety and virtue, her whole moral nature revolted against evil—but I anticipate.

"By prayers and promises, by specious pleas and vehement protestations, I won from her a

reluctant consent to an immediate and secret union. Two causes operated in my favor. Her large fortune depended in a great measure upon the caprice of a wealthy uncle, and she feared that did he but know of her marriage contracted without his consent, she might forever alienate his affection. But he was stern and hard, and she feared him almost as much as she loved him. The other favorable argument was the romantic glamour which to the female mind attaches to the idea of a secret marriage. She consented.

"To avoid publicity we arranged to be married in the neighboring State of Wisconsin. In the beautiful little town of Kenosha, just beyond the State line, we found a complaisant minister of the Methodist church, who, in consideration of a liberal fee, agreed to marry us. In five minutes we were one—man and wife beyond all peradventure. We returned to Chicago and drove at once —— here. Seated by her side in this very room, as the shades of evening fell, I broke to my bride the truth which you and ten thousand others know so well. Instead of being a wealthy merchant engaged in legitimate business, I was a gambler, dependent upon faro for a living.

"She gave me no time for explanations, as I

said. I had intended to give up my old associations and strive to live honestly for her sake. But my confession seemed to freeze the blood in her veins. The beautiful face took on a look of stony calmness, strangely at variance with the dangerous steel-like glitter of the glorious eyes.

"'You have betrayed me,' she cried. 'The ceremony we have performed gives you no rights over me. I leave you now and forever. Follow me not; your touch is pollution; your presence is an insult.' And as she spoke, she rose from her seat, and in an instant gained the door. How it happened I can never tell, but for the first time in my life I had left the key of the dead-latch on the outside of the door. I was too late to arrest her progress, and as the door slammed behind her I was left a prisoner in my own room, from which I was unable to effect my release for more than an hour. When at last my frantic knockings brought the janitor to my assistance, I was almost raving.

* * * * *

"I never saw her again alive. The next day I received, at the address I had given her, those letters, and learning from them what her intention was, I immediately, not caring for the conse-

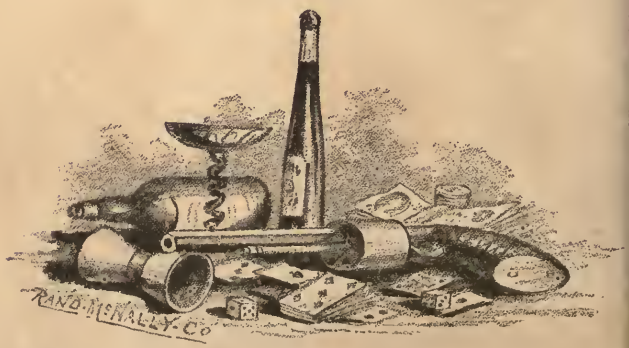
quences, called at the house of her relatives on the avenue, merely to find them in the wildest despair at her absence, she never having been seen since the night of the Carnival.

"Of course they knew nothing of me, and I turned from the house, determined to search the city over until I should discover her whereabouts. Oh, God! the search was but a brief one, for I heard of the corpse of a woman having been found at the rear of the Exposition Building, and with the raging fires of hell in my heart, I went to the Morgue. I saw her for a moment. My soul died within me. I would have given myself to the nethermost hell for ever and ever to have brought her back, but that was impossible, and I determined to follow her. My cowardly nature recoiled at suicide, and I concocted a scheme to attain my ends without actually raising my own hand against my life. I explained to my brother gambler a plan by which I proposed to make a big haul. It was to culminate by a quarrel between us, during which, pistols charged blank were to be exploded, and in the confusion we were to make off with the swag. I loaded the pistols, one with powder only, the other with sure death. I retained the harmless one and gave the

loaded one to my companion. The plan succeeded admirably. At the appointed time I gave the signal, the quarrel commenced. I fired my blank charge at my chum, he returned the shot which passed, thank God, clean through my lung."

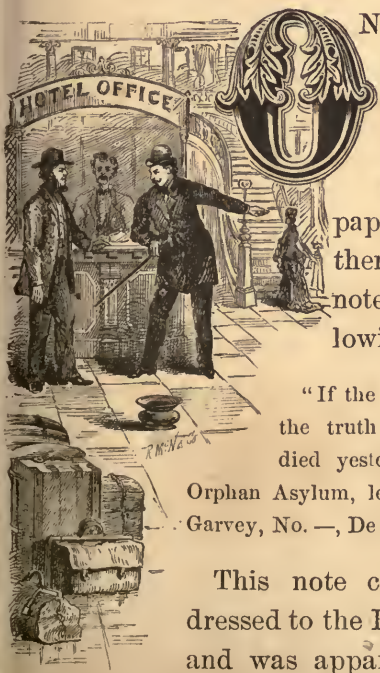
Of course I have not, in this relation, indicated the breaks and pauses occasioned by the spasms, and fits of coughing up from time to time of the coagulated blood which hindered the gambler's utterance.

As he finished his narration he fell back upon the pillows, pointed his finger in the direction of the door, hoarsely whispered in his contracted throat, "She is there! She beckons! I come! I come!" and with a smile upon his lips, expired.



LEAF IV.

THE STORY OF A WAIF.



ONE evening in the early part of May, 1876, I was handed by the city editor of the Chicago daily paper to which I was then attached, a brief note couched in the following terms:

"If the —— would like to know the truth about the baby which died yesterday at the Protestant Orphan Asylum, let a reporter call on Mrs. Garvey, No. —, De Puyster street."

This note came by mail, addressed to the Editor of the ——, and was apparently the production of an imperfectly educated person, although

the spelling was correct and the wording direct and to the point. Newspaper men generally look with considerable distrust upon anonymous communications, but this scarcely came under that head. Turning to the Directory I found that a Mr. Garvey did live at the number given, and that he was a shoemaker by trade. Referring to the paper of that day, I found a brief mention of the death of the child, and a statement that it was the one which had been discovered, about eight nights before, in front of the Orphan Asylum. I looked up the paper of that date and found the following:

"ANOTHER FOUNDLING.

"Last night about nine o'clock one of the nurses at the Protestant Orphan Asylum on Michigan avenue, near Twenty-third street, while locking the outer door, preparatory to retiring for the night, heard a faint, wailing sound proceeding from some point on the lawn in front of the building. She listened, and the cry was repeated—unmistakably, this time, the cry of a child. It was as Wordsworth has it:

"'An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.'

"She called for assistance and a light being obtained, they found under a tree in the centre of the lawn, a basket containing a beautiful female child, apparently about six months old. It was

well dressed, its clothing being of fine linen, and heavily embroidered, but the night was very cold, and the poor child was almost chilled to death. It was carefully tended by the matron and her assistants, and may possibly survive. It is stated by persons connected with the institution, that about half-past seven o'clock a carriage drove up to the outer gate. It stopped but for a moment and then passed on a few yards, as if the driver had pulled up at the wrong house. One of the nurses fancied that she heard the outer latch click, but on looking out saw no one, and found that the carriage had driven off."

It appeared, therefore, that in spite of the care which had been bestowed on the unfortunate baby, it had succumbed to the exposure to which it had been subjected. It seemed likely, also, that the writer of the letter might have some facts to communicate which would be of importance, and accordingly I proceeded to the address given.

Mr. Garvey turned out to be a very decent-looking Scotchman, and his wife a motherly woman of the same nationality. They had three children, one a baby about six months old. I stated my business and showed the note which had been received at the office. Contrary to my expectation, Mrs. G. at once avowed its authorship. "We thought," she said, "not to have said anything about it, but we thought when the poor wee thing died, that it was

time somebody should know about its cruel mother—as she calls herself, though it's no bairn of hers."

The story which these good people had to tell was a strange and peculiar one, and yet what they knew was but the smallest half of the truth. They explained that a little over five months before, a lady richly dressed in black and wearing a profusion of jewelry, alighted from a carriage at their door. She had heard—how, they did not know—that Mrs. Garvey was willing to take a child to nurse. She said that her sister had a young child which she was unable to nurse, and offered what was to the Garveys a considerable sum for taking care of the child.

As a guarantee of good faith she paid fifty dollars in advance, and agreed that Mrs. G. should have the care of the infant for a year. Upon these terms they agreed, and for about two months all went well. The lady came at frequent intervals, always bringing sweetmeats for the Garvey children, and occasionally presents for the mother, while the payments were regularly made. But curiously enough the alleged mother of the infant did not appear on the scene, nor did Mrs. Mortimer, for that was the name

the lady gave, display even an aunt's affection for the little one.

About the middle of January Mrs. Mortimer made to the Garveys a new proposition. She said that her sister had to go to California to join her husband, who was a wealthy merchant in San Francisco, and that of course she would take the child along. She was especially anxious to get the nurse to go with her, and promised her a large remuneration. But Mrs. Garvey could not leave her own family, even though tempted by liberal offers of reward, and the end of it was, that on the next day Mrs. Mortimer came again in the carriage, bringing with her a younger lady, who remained in the vehicle, and who was—the mother of the infant. So at least said the reputed aunt. But the Garveys only got a glimpse of this person, who was closely veiled, and who never spoke, even when the child was handed into the carriage. The pair drove off, and the shoemaker and his wife, although there existed in the minds of both an undefined idea that there was something peculiar about the whole matter, could do nothing more than surmise. They felt the existence of a mystery, but had no idea of the truth.

About six weeks later they were again surprised by the reappearance of Mrs. Mortimer. She had informed them that it was her intention to reside for a year at least upon the Pacific Slope with her sister and that lady's husband. Yet here she was again, more handsomely dressed than ever, with a pair of magnificent solitaire diamond

ear-rings sparkling in the light as she moved, and once more she asked Mrs. Garvey to take charge of the child.

If it seemed strange before that the child of wealthy parents should be committed so freely to the care of an utter stranger, to be brought up with the children of a mechanic, it seemed doubly strange that it should now be returned to its foster mother in this summary fashion.

Mrs. Garvey's womanly curiosity was excited, and she asked a series of questions, the only effect of which was apparently to render Mrs. Mortimer rather uncomfortable. She said that her sister had poor health in California, and had been ordered by the physicians to travel in Europe. The child was too great a task for her, and if the nurse would take it again she might bring it up with her own children. She should be liberally paid, but she must ask no more questions. Some day the infant should be reclaimed, but in the meantime it needed more care than the mother could give it.

After considerable demur the terms were agreed upon, and once more Mrs. Garvey took charge of the little one. She was horrified to find that during its short absence it had been scandalously

neglected, and seemingly not more than half fed. But under her care, and that of a doctor whom she called in, it rapidly began to recover its strength, and was soon in good health.

But for some reason or other Mrs. Mortimer did not seem either so attentive or so responsive with her payments as upon the previous occasion, and after three weeks had passed she ceased coming altogether to the little house on De Puyster street. Garvey became alarmed, and called at the address which she gave upon her first visit. This was at one of the most fashionable boarding-houses in the city, situated in the most aristocratic quarter, and known to receive only the very cream of society. Here he learned that the lady had left there about two months before, saying that she was going to Europe.

Garvey began to be afraid that he was saddled with one more incumbrance than he had bargained for, but being a persevering fellow he resolved to search the hotels through, and to track Mrs. M. if it were possible.

He tried them all and without success. No such person boarded at any of the more prominent hotels. But chance threw in his way what patient search might never have revealed. He

had made his inquiry of the clerk at the —— House, received the usual answer, and was turning away. A gentleman standing by was attracted by the earnestness of the man and asked him, half in joke, what the lady was like. Garvey described her, and the gentleman, turning to the clerk, said: "By George! he means Mrs. Baxter." True enough, Garvey had run his game to earth. Mrs. Mortimer was none other than the dashing widow who, under the name of Baxter, had recently attracted great attention from the boarders at the —— Hotel. At this time she was the recipient of assiduous attentions from one of the most prominent of Chicago's merchant princes, a widower of about forty-five years of age, and who has since received a great deal of newspaper notoriety as the chief engineer of one of the most gigantic "corners" ever run in the Chicago wheat market.

Garvey waited until the lady returned to the hotel and then almost forced himself into her presence. This he could scarcely have done but for the assistance of the gentleman to whom he had spoken, and who was a boarder in the house. Beside this he was a man-about-town and pretty well posted on a good many matters. The pecu-

liarities of the case struck him somewhat, and he took an opportunity to question the shoemaker about it. What he heard only made him desirous of knowing more, and it was from him that I learned the inside history of this strange case, as will be hereafter shown.

But to resume our story. The lady was indignant at what she was pleased to consider an intrusion on her privacy, and angrily told Garvey that she would call upon him the next day. She did so, and announced that she would remove the child. This promise she carried out on the night of the 27th of April, coming in a hired carriage and accompanied this time by one of the most prominent physicians of the South Division. The Garveys were told that the child was to be placed in the care of an asylum, and although they protested against this, they were powerless in the matter.

Such was the story told by Garvey and his wife, and of this I received the fullest corroboration from other quarters. I found out much more. Acting upon a clue which I received in a very peculiar way, I found the coachman who drove Mrs. Mortimer-Baxter and her medical companion, first to De Puyster street, and after-

wards to Michigan avenue and Twenty-second street. He told me who the doctor was, and conclusively proved that this prominent physician, who to-day has a reputation as one of the most skillful in Chicago, in the treatment of difficult surgical cases, and who is a member of half a dozen learned societies, was the man who placed the helpless infant on the lawn of the Asylum, and by thus exposing it to the inclemency of the weather caused its death.

There remained only to find out the motive for this atrocious piece of cruelty. The death of the child might not have been desired, but the means taken to dispose of it were of such a character that the woman and the doctor were really the instruments of its death. I wrote the story up as I got it from the Garveys, being amply satisfied of its substantial truth. One of my associates called upon Mrs. Baxter, at the —— Hotel, and as delicately as possible asked her what she knew of the case. She was indignant in the highest degree, and threatened the direst vengeance on any one who should assail her good name by such a publication. No sooner had he left than she summoned her French maid, and all night long the two women sat up packing.

Before the eight o'clock train left for the East, Mrs. Baxter sent for her bill, and in half an hour she was speeding over the Lake Shore Railroad, tickets for New York in her pocket. Three days later, I was informed by telegraph from our New York correspondent that she had sailed for Europe in the Germanica.

The reader can not have forgotten the thrill of horror which ran through the country when the news came of the terrible catastrophe in the British Channel, when the Germanica was run down by a heavily-laden merchant vessel, and all on board, with the exception of a few sailors, perished. Among those who found a watery grave were Mrs. Mortimer-Baxter and her maid—the same woman who played the role of the mother of the child on the night that it was first taken from the house on De Puyster street.

* * * * *

On the night of ——— I met in the card-room of one of Chicago's fashionable clubs the gentleman who spoke to Garvey on the night of his visit to the —— Hotel. I had gone to the club to hunt up a New York gentleman visiting in the city, and there met Mr. ———. "Oh, by the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way," said he, "have you ever found out who Mrs. Mortimer-Baxter was?"

"No," I replied, "have you?"

"I have," was the quiet answer; "would you like to hear the story?"

"Yes," I replied, "I should like to know the motive for all that mystery."

"Sit down, then," said ———, "and I'll tell you all about it." And with this preface he told me a story, which I condense as follows:

Mrs. Mortimer was the daughter of one of the wealthiest of the Virginian planter aristocracy, who in ante-war times maintained upon his estates in the beautiful country south of the James river, a degree of state and a free-handed hospitality, which was considered prodigal, even for that time, and among the society of which the family were hereditary leaders. The war broke out when Victorine Markham had just reached her sixteenth year. Her personal charms were great, and her father's wealth and social position would have rendered even a less highly-gifted girl a great prize in the matrimonial market. But she had no need of any adventitious aids, her beauty alone sufficed to attract to her side many wooers, and the lady of Kinsley Hall was

recognized even by women as the belle of that whole section.

Like all her fair sisters in the South, Miss Markham was carried away with enthusiasm over the Secessionist movement. Her father was a trusted counsellor of the late chief of the Southern Confederacy, and of all her male relatives, friends and admirers, there was not one but felt ardently the fighting flame, and went forth to battle for their State, and against the Northerner, whom they hated so fiercely. In those times events marched rapidly, and conventional delays were swept aside with a rude hand. Thus it came that when Henry Mortimer, a young Carolinian who had greatly distinguished himself as a cavalry officer, and who was at that time in high command at Richmond, proposed marriage, the consummation of his hopes was not long deferred.

But the dream of happiness was short. Mortimer was assigned to active duties in the West, and fell at Chickamauga. Thus Victorine found herself at nineteen the widow of a Major General, and yet a beggar. Her father's estates were devastated and his property destroyed by the victorious Union soldiers, and the proud man,

who had borne himself so high in his prosperity, died in the latter part of 1865, the victim of a broken heart.

Left thus alone, the young widow, still charming and even more lovely than when as a girl she graced her father's mansion, was compelled to cast about for a means of livelihood. She was accomplished as well as beautiful, but unhappily her early training had ill-fitted her for a battle with the stern realities of life. She was fond of power and pomp, of money not for its own sake but for that which it commanded, and she was sadly deficient in moral principle.

She drifted, after one or two adventures which need not be here especially mentioned, to Washington, and there in the meretricious society which cursed the National Capital, she reigned once more a queen. She became a lobbyist, and executed alone two or three of the most daring *coups* made at that time. It was an era of corruption and bribery, when tens of millions of acres of the public domain were unblushingly voted away by the sworn guardians of the people, and when honesty hid its head, and the speculator, the legislator and the lobbyist formed partnerships by the score.

This could not last, and few years had passed before Mrs. Mortimer found that her occupation as an influencer of senile Senators and corruptible Congressmen had passed away. She became an adventuress, pure and simple. From Saratoga to Newport, Long Branch to Cape May, she moved with the seasons, and finally, in the spring succeeding the great fire, she removed to the West. In Chicago she met for the first time a recently elected Senator from a far Western State, one for whom lavish nature has laid bare her laboratory of glittering ore, and whose wealth in mining property is reckoned by millions.

It is said, and there appears to be considerable foundation for the statement, that, during her residence in Washington, the wily lobbyist was herself deluded and wronged. Almost every swindler finds some one more unscrupulous and daring than himself, and it was so in this woman's case. An Englishman named Baxter, a worthless scion of a good family, and with a title in expectancy, but no immediate reliance other than cards and billiards, proved more than a match even for the skilled female diplomatist. They were married, it is said, pri-

vately, and as we have seen, she bore his name at times.

What has become of Baxter is not known, but it seems that the dashing Southerner considered herself a free agent, for during her first stay in Chicago it was openly bruited that she would marry the legislator from the Pacific Slope.

Somehow or other this fell through, and partly for revenge—partly, no doubt, with a view to the extortion of a large sum of money—she procured the child whose melancholy fate we have recorded. Its mother was induced to part with it by liberal promises of reward, and the adventuress, with her colleague and assistant, the French waiting-maid, visited California as narrated.

Their scheme partly succeeded and partly failed, for although the Senator, with a wholesome fear of exposure, bled freely of his wealth, he was shrewd enough to couple with the compromise which was made, a written stipulation that he should be freed from all further claims. Thus the unhappy infant, the unconscious instrument of a wicked woman, became an incumbrance to her, and this was the reason why she and her confederates removed it from the care of

the Garveys, and placed it at the door of the institution. To judge her charitably—for she has gone now where He who knows all will act as Judge—we may hope that her intent was not murder, and that the death of the poor child was not anticipated. But the case taken in all its bearings, was one of the strangest I ever met, and it is told to-day for the first time.

LEAF V.

THE TELL-TALE SKULL.

EVEN in this anything but romantic age the indefatigable seeker after sensational items for the daily papers occasionally drops upon something so strange that the wildest imagination of the professional novelist is commonplace in comparison. How the following strange story came to the knowledge of the writer concerns not the reader. Every word of it is true, and though the names have been carefully concealed by the use of fictitious rather than real ones, yet there are

many residents of Chicago who will recognize the parties concerned, and find the main incidents familiar.

There was nothing strange about the house, No. — Wabash avenue. It was one of those comparatively old-fashioned red brick structures with a high stoop, of which whole rows vie with each other in the exquisite cleanness of the steps, the trim order of the small garden, and the luxuriance of the window plants. A smarter darkey than the one who here answered the door bell could not be found on the avenue, a more faultless turnout than the dark green and brown glass-fronted carriage, with its pair of coal black horses, never carried a prettier couple than Hattie and Selina Smith, the daughters of Hiram Smith, the retired broker who occupied this genteel residence.

Hiram Smith was reputed one of the wealthiest citizens of Chicago, and although never seen more on 'Change, he was largely interested in stocks of various kinds, and there was scarcely a dividend declared on any of the safe and profitable investments connected with the city, or, indeed, the Northwest, which did not add considerably to his bank account.

On a fine morning in January, some eighteen

months before this fourth of July, 1879, Smith was seated at an elegant rosewood escritoire in the luxurious library, which fronted on the avenue, overlooking a large package of deeds, bonds, mortgages, and other securities, which for some purpose or other he had that morning removed from the Fidelity vaults.

"There," said he, "those West Side street shares will realize at least sixty thousand, those North Side shares will bring me half as much, the Express scrip at 58¼ will net close upon forty thousand, my Rock Islands are good for twenty-five, and that Lockport property has sold for half cash and half Toledo and Wabash, the title is accepted, no suspicions are aroused, and the old place with all its unpleasant recollections is off my hands. The great secret is now a secret forever; dead men tell no tales. I have only now to transfer this house and the rest of my Chicago real estate, and the vast stake I played so boldly for is won. Vivian returns this week, the marriage must not be delayed, once get him safely tied to Hattie, and Selina the wife of Clarges, the scheme is complete, my hands are unfettered, and I am free. All good Americans when they die go to Paris, but I prefer seeing the me-

tropolis of luxury in the flesh. What a lucky thing Vivian did not return until ——" Here his soliloquy was interrupted by a rattling voice in the hall—"All right, Snowball, I'll introduce myself."

We can not be as nonchalant about so important a character as the hero of our little life drama was about himself, and must try to describe the dashing young fellow, who, at the conclusion of this off-hand speech dashed into the presence of the millionaire. Vivian Denston was a tall young man of some five and twenty summers, whose profession was the law, but whose business was pleasure. His face was almost a regular oval, his eye a piercing hazel, his hair ebony black, and his lips thin, and when the face was in repose decidedly cruel. He was thoroughly *chic* in his dress, and his boots, gloves and hat were unmistakably Parisian.

As he entered, Smith's back was towards the door, but Vivian crossed the room unhesitatingly and tapped him on the shoulder.

Smith started, exclaimed "Who's there?" and turning, continued, "Talk of the devil and—Denston, my boy, how *do* you do?"

"Oh," replied Denston, "salubrious. European air has not spoiled my complexion, Paris girls have not stolen my heart, French suppers have not ruined my health nor destroyed my appetite; but Hiram, my Crœsus, what are these?" and he unceremoniously seized upon a bundle of deeds and bonds.

"Those," answered Smith, "those, my boy, are the blood of life, the stuff we Yankees dig, delve, slave, travel, ——"

"And murder for, eh?" interrupted Vivian.

"What's that you say? Oh, ah, I see, a joke, eh? Devilish good, upon my word. But have you seen Hattie?"

"Why," replied Denston, "that is just the business I want to talk about to you. You see I'm ——"

"In a deuce of a hurry to make her Mrs. Vivian Denston; of course it's quite natural in you young fellows."

"Yes," said the young man, "I dare say it is; but you see, Smith, that don't happen to be my case. I've altered my opinion."

"What? altered your opinion? Did you not propose, were you not accepted? I gave you my consent, and ——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Vivian. "All very right, strictly O K, most paternal papa, but you see since I've been to Paris and seen more of the *bon ton*, as the *parlez vous* call it, I've changed my mind and must decline ——"

"An alliance with my family," roared Hiram Smith.

"Soft and easy, soft and easy. Don't let your dander rise. That's not exactly the case, but then, you see, Hattie is one of those divine little domestic creatures, decidedly without dash. Now I find that dash is the thing, and I propose asking you for the hand of her sister."

At this audacious proposal, Smith lost all control of his temper, and he shrieked rather than replied, "Her sister! Sir, is my family to be at your beck and call? Am I to submit to the affections of my child being thus trifled with? You know how she loves you, how popular report has already mated you, and how her fair name will be compromised. No, sir, it can not be, neither would Selina submit to it, and I, sir, as the father of a family ——"

"I know all that, my friend, have read it in the romances of the period, but ——" Here Vivian spoke very slowly and with a tantalizing

pause between every word, at the same time disengaging a somewhat bulky and peculiar looking parcel tied up in a silk handkerchief, from his coat-tail pocket; "we will change the subject. I have a curiosity here." He deliberately untied the bandanna, and produced a bleached and grinning skull.

"Good Heavens!" cried Smith, "Denston, are you mad? What on earth do you mean?"

"Oh, no," said Vivian, "not mad, merely a modern Hamlet, with all his philosophy, but none of his mania. I only wished to call your attention to a peculiarity about this cranium. Do you see it has a perforation at the back, which, although evidently arising from collision with a pistol ball, could hardly have been received in this location during the exchange of civilities in an honorable duel."

During this speech, Smith, evidently overcome by some internal struggle, sank into his chair and stared with blank astonishment at the speaker. The effort to control his feelings was useless, and he exclaimed in an agony of terror, "Help! help! air! I choke!"

With the utmost coolness Denston continued. "Strange effect it seems to have on the old

gentleman." He placed the skull upon the table, and unbuttoned the collar of his companion, whose staring eyes and engorged temples seemed to threaten apoplexy. By vigorous fanning, however, on the part of Vivian, and a violent mental effort on his own, Smith overcame his silent terror, and exclaimed, "A pistol ball, ball, ball! Take it away! take it away!"

"Why, what's the matter, Smith?" coolly asked Denston. "Are you personally interested in that specimen of defunct humanity?"

Smith, recovering his presence of mind, exclaimed, "Ha! ha! a joke, a devilish good joke. Interested? Not I, but my nerves are none of the strongest, and having that nasty thing popped under my nose ——"

"Do you know where that skull was found?" asked Vivian.

"How should I?" queried Smith.

"Well, it was accidentally dug up at Lockport. I can tell you the exact spot."

"No, thank you, my boy, I take no interest in antiquarian researches."

"Nor the clearing up of long-hid mysteries, eh?"

"Say no more about it, Denston. What can I do for you, my dear friend?"

"Well, my dear prospective father-in-law, I wish you to use your influence with Selina. I must and *will*, mark me, *will* marry Selina, and then, you see, I shall take no further interest in antiquarian researches, and get rid of my specimens."

To this modest request, Smith, now completely humbled, replied, "Well, of course, as long as you honor my family with an alliance, it matters but little which daughter you take. But no more of it at present, I hear her footstep in the hall."

At this moment the door opened and a tall, elegantly formed, dashing blonde, whose dusky golden ringlets hung like a sheaf of sunbeams round a face fair as the bosom of the sea-born deity, came tripping into the room, saying as she entered, "Oh, papa, you promised ——" then seeing Vivian she added, "I beg your pardon, sir, I fancied pa was alone."

"Come in, child," replied her father. "This is an old acquaintance, fresh from Paris, with a complete knowledge of bonnets and bijouterie."

"Miss Smith," said Vivian, bowing politely, "permit me to congratulate you upon your appearance ; you are as charming as ever."

To this flattering speech Selina replied, haughtily, "Mr. Denston will reserve his French compliments for more welcome ears."

"For shame ! Selina," almost angrily retorted her father. "Have you no word of welcome for an old friend ? You who were the subject of our conversation as you came in ?"

Selina asked, "To what cause do I owe the honor of Mr. Denston's remarks ?"

Not knowing how far the sudden interest taken in his affairs might lead Mr. Smith to go, and recognizing discretion as the better part of valor, Mr. Denston checked him as he was about to reply, and said, "Miss Smith, it will probably be more fitting that I should retire and leave a matter of some delicacy in the hands of your respected papa. So *au revoir*—and Mr. Smith I will see you again about—about those antiquarian researches I was speaking of."

Taking his hat he then retired, saying to himself as he crossed the hall, "And now, John Fleming, I think I have checkmated you."

The gentleman thus cavalierly alluded to was

a highly prosperous merchant, whose business was one of the most lucrative in the city, and between whom and Vivian Denston there was a bitter enmity, and who, it was whispered among fashionable society, was the accepted lover of Miss Selina Smith.

"No sooner had the gallant gay Lothario quitted the library than Selina asked her father the meaning of this mystery, this matter of some delicacy. All the satisfaction she obtained was in the form of a question. "Do you love your father?"

"Has he ever had reason to doubt my affection?" was the response.

Her father replied, "Words of mere compliment mean but little, except accompanied by obedience."

"Did I ever disobey you, papa?"

"No, child, but you must prepare to accede to a very abrupt proposition."

"And that is——?"

"To marry Vivian Denston."

"Never! never!" exclaimed the astonished and frightened girl.

"Selina," replied her father, I tell you he must be your husband, or ——"

"Father," almost shrieked his terrified daughter, "in all that doth become a dutiful child, I have ever been obedient, but to prove false to the man I love—and I do love, papa—to be the slave of a man's caprice, the rival of a sister, and the bride of one whom I fear and loathe, would as little become me to endure as it seems to me unfatherly in you to require. Who is this grand Turk who has liberty to enter our house and fling his handkerchief first at one and then at the other according to the idle fancy of the hour?"

Angry and ashamed of himself, but borne down by what he knew to be a fatal necessity, he sternly replied, "You shall know what it is to thwart a father's will. Prepare this night to receive Vivian Denston as your accepted lover, or I will show you that such punishment awaits a disobedient child as she little dreams of."

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the poor girl, "by my sainted mother's memory, by your recollections of your own wedded love, you can not, you will not ——"

"No more," he cried, interrupting her. "It must be as I say. You marry Denston, or a dying father's curse will drag you to perdition. Love, bah!—choice, nonsense!—a sick girl's

dream. Marriage now-a-days is but a convenience; fortune, a home, a position in society—all these will be yours. I can lavish wealth upon you, and Denston is rich. I'll hold no parley with a disobedient daughter. Make up your mind to marry him. Be brave and you can command happiness. I will see him again this afternoon—shall tell him to call this evening. Receive him as your lover, accept him as your husband, or dread the consequences of your folly."

Saying this, and spurning her from him, he abruptly left the room, leaving her upon the floor where she had flung herself in a last appeal to her father's generosity. Rising from her prostrate position, and with an effort nerving herself for the struggle she felt must come, she exclaimed, "Marry Denston!—a father's curse! Oh, no! he could not curse his child. But he is a harsh man and will not be thwarted. Meet Vivian to-night—to-night! No! sooner shall the calm bosom of the lake receive one more victim, sooner shall death bear me to my mother's arms, than I become the bride of this man, this monster without a heart."

Her mind was made up, her resolve taken, and

quietly she went about making her preparations. Liberally supplied with pocket money, she was not without funds, and packing up a few necessary articles in so small a compass as to avoid suspicion, she watched for a favorable opportunity, and when her father went down town to report to Denston the result of his negotiations, she silently quitted the house. Great was the astonishment of the household at the evening meal when Selina was found missing. Of course no one except her father could imagine any cause for her absence, and her sister, until late at night, imagined that she had been detained at the house of some friend. Hour after hour passed away.

The expectant lover came according to the appointment made with her father, attired in all the glory of full evening costume, and it may be imagined how constrained and awkward was his interview with the sister, whose love he had sought and whose affection he now scorned. Hattie, however, was so troubled at the unaccountable disappearance of her sister that she suspected no wrong, and when all hopes of her return had passed away, she had the horses put in the carriage, and made a round of inquiry

among her aristocratic friends of the South and North Sides. The father and Vivian Denston, both feeling that something dreadful had happened, went to the bureau of a detective force and instituted a rigid search. The police were notified, the most indefatigable agents were enlisted in the search, but day after day passed, and nothing was heard of the missing Selina.

* * * * * *

In a gloomy old house, fronting on a square, which, once trim and highly cultivated, looked the more untidy and dilapidated from the neglect into which it had fallen, in a portion of the city of New York from whence Fashion had departed up town wards, the rooms were let out at reasonable rates to the artistic and literary Bohemians who congregate in the great metropolis of the Union.

Here the student struggling against poverty and want of patronage dreamed of exhibitions and commissions, and drew from the models who for a dollar or two permitted their unadorned charms to be portrayed by the artist. Here the industrious essayist, the plodding itemizer and the writers of precarious editorials or occasional sensations, burnt the midnight oil, and too fre-

quently made night hideous by the chanting of snatches of slang songs picked up at the gardens or music halls. It was a strange but kindly commonwealth, and a pipe full of tobacco, a crayon or a color was as readily given, as freely asked for, among the denizens of this roomy old dwelling.

There was one room, however, which bore a striking difference from the rest, and it was long before any of the inmates of the house penetrated beyond the jealously locked door. Evidently its occupant was a hard working student, who merely left his room when he had work completed, and then, merely long enough to go down to Sarony's, or some other photographer's, with the contents of a red morocco portfolio, neatly tied, and containing exquisitely finished portraits in water color. It was in this way the young man made his living, but his work was so perfect, his taste so refined, that he readily obtained all, and more than all he could do.

He was fair haired and extremely handsome, and always dressed in a frock coat of splendid fit; the balance of his costume far above the usual style of garb worn by struggling artists,

both as to quality and style. From his beauty and his reticence he was christened by his housemates the "dumb Apollo." He took no part in the bacchanalian revels which too often characterized the house in which he lived, and beyond a walk in the square, or a ride up to the park after his day's work was done, he seemed to care for no amusement.

Months passed thus, but by degrees nodding acquaintanceships with the better class of roomers were formed, and one or two of the more talented young artists who lived lives of industrious seclusion were admitted into his rooms, one of which was used as a studio, and the other furnished in the most fastidious taste as a bed-room. It was evident that the mysterious student did not confine himself altogether to working for the photographers, for many landscape sketches and beautifully finished miniature pictures adorned his walls. Very frequently would his visitors ask him to accompany them to the theatre or concert rooms, but these invitations were kindly though firmly refused.

On one occasion, however, New York rung with the praises of a lovely young girl about whose

life and origin there hung a strange mystery, and who was singing at a decent though not very fashionable music hall, in one of the most retired streets of the metropolis. In this young girl the artist seemed to take a strange interest, and when all curiosity was piqued by the impossibity of learning her story, he felt an irresistible desire to see and hear the beautiful creature of whom he heard so much from his companions. Pressed to go, he at length consented, and in company with a student whose tastes and habits were almost as refined as his own, he, for the first and only time in his life ventured over the threshold of a New York Music Hall.

The room was crowded. The galleries set apart for those who preferred lighter viands than the beer and liquor served out below, were adorned with heavy evergreens in large tubs, between which were placed tables for the refreshments which might be required. At one of these our two artists were seated. But little attention was paid to the first two or three numbers, all anxiously waiting for the appearance of the mysterious lady whose original songs, pretty voice and still prettier figure, had created so great a furore.

At length, the orchestra commenced one of her favorite airs, and she bounded like a sylph before the curtain. She was a brunette of glorious beauty, young and lithe as a wand, dressed in a fancy Spanish costume, which set off the splendid contour of her bust and form to perfection. She sang with a pathos and a power which electrified the audience. Our artist, who had during the previous songs kept retired behind one of the evergreens, was enchanted, and forgetful of everything but the music he heard, and the gorgeous creature who was upon the stage, leaned forward over the slight bannister which surrounded the gallery.

His hat was off, and the crisp yellow curls which surrounded his head like a glory, added an almost supernatural beauty to his fair face. Many eyes were turned upwards to gaze upon a young man so singularly handsome, when all at once a dark, elegant gentleman rose from the body of the hall and made rapid strides for the gallery. Pushing his way through the crowd of waiters at the entrance, and going down the aisle between the tables, he approached the one at which our artist friends were seated.

The unknown turned his head, recognized in a moment the party who was hurrying towards them, and shouting, "It is John Fleming," immediately swooned away. It was no longer a secret; the golden-haired artist was a woman, and in another instant was locked in the embrace of the gentleman who had hurried up on recognizing her. Of course there was considerable excitement, but, under the powerful protection of her lover, Selina Smith in male attire was conveyed from the scene.

Taking her to one of the leading hotels he placed her in the care of an estimable and discreet lady, an acquaintance of his who was boarding there, and, after confiding as much of her story to his friend as was absolutely necessary, he retired, and waited until she could receive him in more befitting if not becoming attire. It was not long before he was summoned to her presence, and found her seated on a couch in an elegant morning wrapper which had been provided by his friend.

"Quite a metamorphosis you see," said the lady, as she entered; and then, feeling that they would have much to say to each other, which no

third party could be interested in, she retired to another room.

"You will forgive me, and keep my secret, John," she said, while blushes of maiden modesty suffused her cheeks. "It was for your sake!"

"My darling girl," he replied. "How cruel of you it was thus to desert us and keep us in agony so long. Of course I do not know the reasons for this flight, for — for — the curious disguise and the queer place in which I found you. A thousand idle rumors, a hundred idiotic scandals, have been launched, none of which, I feel certain, are true. I never gave you up, when week after week passed, when your friends mourned you as one dead. I hoped on, I have never rested, never ceased a moment in my search. It was the fame of the Spanish cantatrice which led me to that place to-night. I thought, in my folly, that that singer might be you. Of course I was deceived, but who can deny the fact that a mysterious Providence guided my steps in that direction. And now, my angel, my wife, my own, tell me the cause and the particulars of your flight, and why you chose so strange an attire; where you have lived,

and what you have done since the fatal night you fled from Chicago."

Selina opened her heart fully to her lover, gave him the story of her persecution, her father's infatuation and strange commands. She then inquired of her sister's condition, her father's welfare, and what had become of her tormenter.

"I am sorry," her lover replied, "that I have such bad news to convey. Your sister, almost broken-hearted at your loss — for she has long deemed you dead, and the perfidy of her lover, still lives at home, but visits nowhere, and sees no company. Vivian Denston seems to have some mysterious influence over your father, and I fear has led him into haunts of vice, where gambling for large stakes has sadly impaired a once colossal fortune. Bond after bond, security after security, has, I fear, found its way into the pockets of this man and his abandoned companions, but his malign influence over him seems as strong as ever. What is this tie? Do you know how or why a man like Hiram Smith should be the companion, the forced companion, I verily believe, of a man so notoriously known as a chief among the gambling fraternity of Chicago?"

"I do not know, but am convinced that this man, who would have married me, holds some dreadful secret of my poor father's, and that he dare not disobey him or throw him over, but I will dare all to save my father from ruin. I will accompany you to Chicago and confront the man I hate and wrest from him the secret he possesses?"

"Will you go as my wife, Selina? Say you will be mine. You are your own mistress, nobody dare control you, and we will together work to save your parent from this fiend in human form?"

"No, John, I can not do this, I can not marry until this fearful enigma is solved. I feel that it is my mission to attempt its solution, and anything, save one dreadful alternative, that will secure my parent from the machinations of this man, I will do. Your honorable character is well known, and mine is safe in your keeping. I will accompany you to Chicago, and together we will see what can be done to remove the baneful influence of the monster from my father."

"Brave girl, while grieving at your decision, I admire your motive, and when we together have

restored your father to himself, I shall claim my reward."

"Which shall be yours," she blushingly replied, and the two then parted for the night.

The following day they started for Chicago, a letter breaking the news having been dispatched to the sister by that night's mail. Little did they think what a welcome awaited them. The letter arrived twenty-four hours before the train by which they traveled.

When within some forty miles of the city, the newsboys cried the Chicago papers through the cars, and, purchasing one, John Fleming was horrified to see among the most prominent news, a long account headed "Mysterious murder or suicide on the steps of the Court House."

It was only by the most energetic will-power that he was able to conceal his emotion, and flinging the paper out of the car-window, he carefully abstained from making any allusions which could arouse the curiosity of his affianced bride. It appeared that on receiving the intelligence of the recovery of his daughter, long supposed dead, the infatuated man had communicated the intelligence to Denston, whose inflammable nature, aroused by the intelligence,

at once determined on a cruel revenge, and demanded of the poor old man the immediate consummation of their nuptials upon her return.

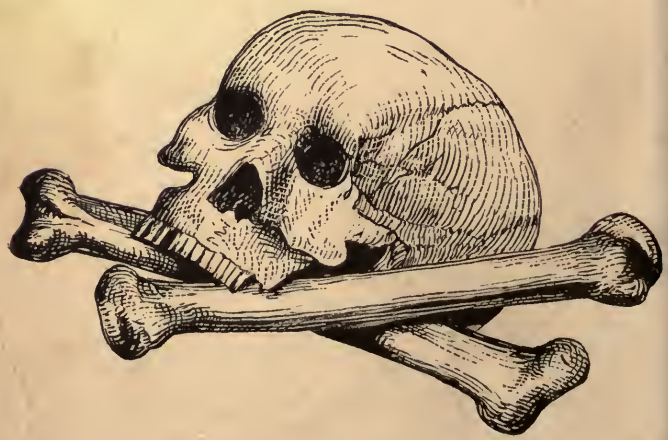
This was the last straw. Weakened mentally by long suffering, ruined in purse by the constant raids made upon it under threats of denouncement; the grinning evidence of an undiscovered and unpunished crime forever beneath his eyes, he could bear up no longer. Writing a full confession of the crime he had committed, and which had indeed, been a scorpion whip to him, he left it on his escritoire, kissed his remaining daughter with a kinder fervor than usual, and proceeding at midnight to the Douglas Monument, he had placed a pistol to his head and blown out his brains.

The secret of the skull was at length revealed. Some thirty years before, he had entered into speculations in the canals at Lockport, in conjunction with a friend, who placed implicit confidence in his honor. By his friend's death, an immense sum of money and real estate, rapidly increasing in value, would be his alone. He struggled against temptation, but mammon was too strong for him, and, in a moment of utter abandonment to the evil influence, he became a

murderer, hiding the victim of his crime in the grove at the bottom of the garden. The mysterious disappearance caused much comment at the time, but Smith escaped suspicion. He became the possessor of the wealth of his friend by a false will, and thought all was safe. Many years after, while digging the foundation for a new house which Vivian Denston was intending to build, on property purchased from the speculator who transferred the Toledo and Wabash shares to Hiram Smith, a skeleton was found. Denston was notified, and examining the skull, found the mark of the pistol shot. The disappearance of the former partner, the suddenly acquired wealth, the peculiar will, and the ownership of the property, led him to make his own conclusions, which were verified by the terror of Smith upon beholding the skull. All these things were made known at the time of the suicide, but were carefully suppressed, and this is the first time the mystery of the Court House suicide has been cleared up.

We must pass over the grief of the children, the horror they felt at the discovery of their father's turpitude, and the excitement caused by the occurrence at the time. It is sufficient to say,

that John Fleming is to-day the honored husband of the handsomest blonde in Chicago; the elder sister living with them unmarried and resigned; while the author of so much misery, the elegant Vivian Denston, is serving out a long term of imprisonment at Joliet for a participation in one of the most notorious forgeries which has astonished the commercial world of America since the formation of the Union.



LEAF VI.

JANET AND JAMIE.

"THERE is a queer case down stairs," said Captain Simon O'Donnell, chief of the First Precinct Chicago Police, to the writer, as he entered the Harrison Street Station one evening, in pursuit of such news as falls to the province of a night reporter on a great morning daily. "It's a very queer case indeed," he continued, "and I must say I think the poor girl's story is true."

Now queer cases are so continually occurring, which take on the most prosaic of forms when subjected to the light of scrutiny, that the burly Captain's announcement met only an indifferent reception, and, after collecting from the station-keeper whatever of interest had come within the limits of his observation, I was about departing, when the turnkey met me on the outer stairs, and remarked, "Of course you've been below to see that poor Scotch lassie and hear her story?"

"No. Is it worth the listening to?"

"Come and see."

And thus saying, the keeper of the keys led the way to the basement floor, which was his peculiar domain.

I wonder if one reputable citizen in a thousand has the remotest idea regarding the cell portion of a city prison, or gives a thought to the possibility of reform in the appointments of such a place. To be sure, it is neither a Marshalsea nor a Newgate. Its walls are clean and sweet as water and whitewash can make them. Its temperature is regulated by steam and thermometer. Its guardians are men of integrity and kindly purpose. Yet the cells, ranged in line, with their barred fronts, their

stone floors, their one wooden bench, and their noisome insect inmates, are anything but attractive for those not born to the dungeon. Great rats, grown fat and foul, wander about with a fearlessness bred of familiarity; and drunken prisoners, reckless through years of sin and degradation, fill in the hours with loud-voiced ribaldry.

As the first huge door opened to admit us, a shriek rang out on the air, so despairing, so awful in the intensity of its fear, that we involuntarily paused.

"What is that?"

"Oh, it's a fellow brought down here awhile ago to sober up. I should judge from the noise he makes that he was crossing the frontier into the land of delirium tremens. But come on, and never mind him now. If he is suffering, he has himself alone to blame."

So the turnkey strode ahead down the second corridor to where stood a cell with wide open portal, so situated as to catch every breeze wafted in through the window from the hot July night.

"Miss Ross," he said—and it was wonderful to note how his voice of harsh command toned

down to gentlest courtesy—"here is a gentleman who would like to hear whatever you may choose to tell him, and who, I have no doubt, will be glad to serve you by every means in his power."

At this there came from out the darkness of the place a woman whose large gray eyes were dominated by an eager, questioning look, which often gave place to an expression of unutterable, hopeless sadness. A woman? As she reached the full glare of the gas, she seemed hardly more than a child—a wee thing to be taken home by loving parents and cared for and petted.

But for all that there was something in her face of dignity and loveliness which fascinated, and drew off all obtrusive attention from her coarse and scanty garments. She seemed one who had arrived at queenhood through suffering, and the crown she wore was a glorious coil of auburn hair, which shimmered in the light as the sea glints in the sunshine.

"Can you help me to find my Jamie?" she asked, in a sweet contralto voice.

"Who is your Jamie?" I queried.

"Perhaps it would be as well, sir, to tell you the whole story, and then you may be able to advise me better. You see, sir, I am from the

old Scotch cathedral town of Elgin, away off among the Morayshire hills, and Jamie and me were born in High street, only a short distance from each other. He was older than I, and very clever. His father wanted him to clerk in a draper's shop, but he didn't care to be a tradesman and ran away from home. He came back a couple of years ago from Aberdeen, where he had been working in a solicitor's office. By this time he was of age, and his visit was that he might see me.

"He told me what I already knew. He said he loved me and wished me to marry him, but that when I was his wife, he couldn't bear to have me work and be poor all my life, so he had come for my promise, and then he was going away to America, where a willing man could be and do something. Ah me! I was proud and happy, and yet so sorry, for you see I didn't want to let him go so far away. But it all seemed for the best, and after we had plighted our troth, he strode off down the street, to catch the Glasgow train. It was just at sunset, and I can almost see him yet—so tall, so manly, so bright, so bonny.

"Well, sir," she continued, "he sailed as he

said he should, and then the letters began to reach me. First he wrote from New York about the great busy land in which he found himself, and then there followed word that he had decided to make Chicago his home, because some friends there were going to help him finish his studies, and get to be what you call a lawyer. About two months ago he sent me £50, and said I should come to him; that he was doing well; and that there was no reason why we should wait longer. So I got ready, bade dear old Elgin good bye, and reached here three weeks ago.

"How glad I was when they said the train would be in Chicago in an hour! for you see I thought Jamie would be waiting for me at the station. But he wasn't. So I had to go to a hotel all by myself, and the next morning I went to the place where he was working for some attorneys. What a cruel lie they told me! They said Jamie had lost his place because he drank too much. I came away from there sick at heart. I advertised in the papers for him, and went to all the lawyers' offices, but no one knew where he was.

"Then a few days ago my money gave out, and

the innkeeper held my things for board, and turned me from his house. To-night I was almost starving, and a kind policeman brought me here. They are very good, but it's a horrid place, and those men they have locked up say such wicked words that I've been sitting away back in the dark to try and not hear them. Do you think," she wistfully closed, "that you can help me to find my Jamie, for you know I feel sure he is looking for me as eagerly as I am for him?"

All the while the poor girl had been telling of her love and loyalty, demoniac yells had continued to issue from the cell of the rum maniac, and toward the last, the turnkey had gone away to call a physician, who might do something for the agonized sufferer. He now returned, and said:

"Perhaps there'll be another item for you before morning. That crazy man, the doctor says, has the worst case of 'snakes' he ever saw, and can't last many hours longer. Seems to be a nice young fellow, too, for every little while when his senses kind o' come back to him, he is calling for Janet—a sweetheart of his, I suppose, or something of that sort."

"Why, how strange!" exclaimed the little Scotch lady; "my name is Janet."

The turnkey started. "By Jove!" he muttered to himself, "I never thought of that," and he hurried away up stairs to the station-keeper's office. He came back in a moment very quietly, and said, with a pitying look:

"Miss Ross, what is the full name of the gentleman you wish to find?"

"James Gordon Campbell," she replied.

"All right," he responded, with a forced attempt at cheerfulness. "Now you take a little rest while I show this gentleman about, and then we will decide what we can do for you."

As she tripped back into her dismal abiding place, the turnkey whispered in my ear—

"Great God! what shall we do? That poor little girl's lover is the man with the tremens!"

"Is there any chance that he will recover?"

"Not the slightest in the world. He's a nervous wreck, and may go to pieces at any moment."

"Does the doctor think he will be rational before he dies?"

"Yes, he says that when exhaustion takes the place of delirium the man may have a quarter of an hour of sanity, but that such a symptom is the immediate precursor of death."

"Well, then, watch him closely, and wait till that moment arrives. Janet Ross must never know the man she worships is dying of drink. So tell me when it comes to the last, and leave what remains to be done to me."

With these words I went up stairs and out in front of the frowning building, which had seen the burial of so many high hopes, but in all its existence no sadder tragedy than this. The clouds which had flitted across the moon and stars ever since sundown, now gathered in great black masses, from out which darted angry lightnings. The thunder rolled heavily above the subdued murmurs of a sleeping city, and big drops began to fall in presage of a storm.

A hand touched me lightly on the shoulder, and a voice said simply, "Come." I understood, and followed.

Once more we entered the gloomy, iron-bound

portals; but already there was a change. A solemn hush had succeeded the noisy outbreaks of an hour before. A little group of men were gathered in front of an open cell. Among their number was a physician who was kneeling above a prostrate form, with something more than professional gravity and interest in his air.

The patient who was receiving his attention lay on his back on the floor, a blanket under his head, and the bare stones his couch. There was no sign of delirium about him now, and as he threw back his damp, blonde locks, or absently twitched at his tawny mustache, his dark blue eyes seemed to be gazing far away beyond the present into a past filled with tender recollections.

"Can we do anything for you, my poor fellow?" asked one from among the number standing about.

"Nothing," came the reply, "I only long for the impossible. I want to see the dear old town, and wander among the heather blooms again with Janet. Poor girl! If I could only tell her all, and knew that she forgave me!"

The turnkey looked at me. "Bring her here," he whispered. I went, and found the wanderer seated as before in her chosen dark corner, waiting.

"You have come back," she cried, stepping out into the light. "I felt sure you would keep your word. Can you tell me anything of Jamie, yet?"

"Yes, much," I answered, "but first promise me to summon all your courage and fortitude, for while you shall see Jamie, it will be only for a short, very short time."

The girl's face grew white, and her eyes filled with tears. "Yes, yes," she cried, "I will be brave, only tell me — is he sick, or hurt, or anything? and can I go to him?"

"Yes," and my lips framed a lie which was merciful. "We found him out of work and dying in a noisome lodging house. His only thought is for you, and we have brought him here that you may be together. Come."

Janet staggered back and pressed her little hand to her heart. She seemed about to faint, and then with desperate energy rallied and said: "Take me to him quick, and God help me!"

As we approached, the group of lookers-on fell back. Jamie was lying as before, but his senses were already wandering, and his only cry was, "Janet, where are you, my darling?"

She stepped to his side, and leaning over, put one cool soft hand on his fevered brow. "Here I am, Jamie."

The closed eyes opened, and the vagrant mind rallied to this supreme call of love. "I am dying, dear," he murmured, "and all our dreams and plans can never come to pass."

"It is the dear Lord's will," Janet whispered, with something of the old Scotch fatalism, "and we must submit. There is nothing else to do, but while you live, we will be together," and sitting down she gently drew his head into her lap. He breathed a sigh of relief, and lay silent for a moment.

"Do you remember, Janet," he finally said, "those songs we sang together in auld lang syne? Well, do you know I can't live but a little while, and it seems I should die happier if the last sound I heard was your voice as I used to hear it when we sat side by side to see the sun go down below the hills."

The maiden choked back a rising sob with a mighty effort, and began in a low, rich contralto, that sweet, sad ballad of Highland Mary:

"Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle of Montgomery,
Green be your fields and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.
There summer first unfolds her robe,
And there the longest tarry,
For there I took the last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.

"With many a vow and locked embrace,
Our parting was full tender,
And pledging oft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder.
But, Oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipped my flower so early!
How green's the sod, and cold the clay
That wraps my Highland Mary."

The tones echoed out through the corridor, unfaltering, pure, yet hopeless, and more than one listener turned away to hide an unaccustomed tear. The singer closed the second verse, when Jamie raised himself with a last convulsive effort, threw his arms about her neck, kissed her, and

gasping "Good bye, my love," fell back a corpse.

Then the poor heart, so sorely and suddenly overburdened, gave way, and a rain of tears showered the face of the dead. We left her alone with her grief, but before we departed, a small purse was deposited with the station-keeper for her benefit.

* * * * * *

Next day found me again at the station.

"Where is the little Scotch lassie?" I asked.

"At the Morgue."

"What!"

"Fact. We gave her that money this morning, and she thanked us pretty as could be. She was quiet, but with the strangest fixed look on her features you ever saw. About two hours ago a policeman of the day squad came in and reported a suicide just found in the lake at the foot of Twelfth street. I went and took a look at the body. It was Janet Ross."

"And the money?"

"She'd used it to pay what she owed that infernal hotel keeper who put her out."

* * * * * *

Peeping above the rank, uncared-for grass of summer, a gravestone at Graceland bears the inscription :

JANET AND JAMIE.

And that is all.

LEAF VII.

THE WITNESS FROM THE DEAD.

MOST of the representatives of the numerous nationalities congregated in this most cosmopolitan of Western cities, naturally, and of their own choice, gravitate around separate and almost distinct centres, and although, of course, the native element is everywhere represented, localities may be found, and, indeed, are well defined, in which the large majority of the residents are children of adoption and not "to the manor born."

Thus the North Side is largely German; the explorer of Halsted street will find the Hibernian element predominating largely as he travels south; and the traveler by a Milwaukee avenue car passes through a couple of miles of territory in which a large majority of the residents are of Scandinavian birth. South Canal street and Canalport avenue are so distinctively Bohemian in their character that this quarter is popularly known as "Bohemia." At the foot of Indiana avenue, between Twelfth and Fourteenth streets, is a closely-packed colony of Italians, while French, Swedish and other foreign-born citizens abound in other districts.

The scene of this brief story, one of the most startling and strange that ever came under the notice of the writer, is laid in the Polish colony in the northwestern part of the city, in the vicinity of Elston road. Possibly a condition of things to be found nowhere else in the Union exists here. The people are chiefly of the lower orders from Warsaw, Cracow, and the divisions of Czersko and Sandonura. Bred up in almost total ignorance, and looking upon their priests as their only governors, they are for the most part bigoted and superstitious. At the same time

they are industrious and economical. Their affairs, both spiritual and temporal, are managed almost exclusively by their priests, who carry on their correspondence, superintend the investment of their savings, examine into the titles of the homesteads they acquire, and forward money for them to their relatives and friends on the banks of the Weisel or Vistula.

That popular belief in the existence of ghosts and other apparitions, which with the modern American and his advanced theories has become almost a thing of the past among the native born, still remains strongly fixed in the minds of the Polish settlers. That such things really are, I would be the last to declare, yet in the face of the remarkable case which I have to narrate, and which came under my personal observance, I can not overlook the possibilities. Exponents of spiritualism and correlative beliefs may find in these, in electro-biology or in physic-force, mesmerism or some one of half a dozen "isms," an explanation which may satisfy them. I can not explain, and it is simply my task to record the facts as they were brought to my notice. They are vouched for by credible witnesses, some of them gentlemen

of much more than ordinary intelligence and ability.

Bernhard Rubas, by trade a striker in a blacksmith's shop, was a man of massive build, drunken and quarrelsome in his habits, and the terror of the neighborhood in which he lived. The looseness of his life and his evil disposition had made him a scandal and a reproach, and it was currently reported that he feared neither God, man, nor the devil. For several years prior to August, 1875, his wife had been ailing, scarcely able to drag her weary feet day by day to the mills with the little tin can containing her husband's lunch, and too much of an invalid to accompany him to the saloon or beer-garden in which he nightly spent the most of his hard earnings.

As her malady increased, the poor woman was more and more neglected by her brutal husband, and she was indebted to the care and kindness of a widow of her own nationality, whose husband met his death by the explosion of a mould, for what few small comforts she enjoyed. Her husband, while neglecting her, had, it appeared, formed an intimacy with a woman of somewhat notorious character, a "squatter" on some unoccupied land near the Rolling Mills, where she

obtained a living by managing a garden patch, which she had herself fenced in, and by keeping a cow, some chickens, and other farm animals. In fact Rubas was more frequently to be found, when not at the beer-garden, in the company of this person, a congenial associate for a man of such habits and temper.

One morning when the poor widow before mentioned came in about the usual hour to visit her sick friend, she found, to her intense astonishment, the house deserted entirely. On the previous afternoon she had left Mrs. Rubas very ill in bed, and it seemed scarcely credible that she should have been able to leave her couch. The bed had been occupied but the sheets were cold, there was no fire in the stove, and portions of the woman's apparel were lying on the chair by the bedside as usual. The widow inquired among the neighbors, but none of them had seen aught of Terena Rubas. It should be stated that the cottage occupied by the ill-assorted couple stood in a somewhat retired position, and that the nearest inhabited house was distant from it at least one hundred yards.

The widow sought next the man Rubas, whom she found with his sleeves rolled up over the

elbows of his brawny arms, and hard at work. Leaning upon the sledge-hammer with which he was busied, the man declared, with a great oath, that he neither knew nor cared what had become of his wife. There were few to interest themselves to any great extent in regard to the welfare of the poor patient creature who had so long borne the brutality of her so-called protector, but her disappearance caused some talk in the neighborhood.

Before, however, the story had time to crystallize into suspicion and doubt, all surmises were set at rest. On the evening of the same day a workman employed on the excavations in Lincoln Park discovered the dead body of the woman lying face downward in a pond near the lake shore. The depth of the water was not more than three feet, and the most natural hypothesis was, that the poor woman, tired of the constant abuse to which she had been subjected, had decided to end all her troubles at once by suicide.

An inquest was held, as a matter of course, and, without much investigation, beyond ascertaining the fact that the woman lived unhappily with her husband, a verdict of "suicide by

drowning" was returned. There were not wanting at the time many who argued that the husband was morally to blame for the death of his maltreated wife, and that he had driven her to self-murder by his infernal brutality, but it did not occur to any one to impute to him the actual commission of murder. The body was handed over to the husband for burial, and was decently though plainly interred in the Polish Catholic Cemetery, although not in consecrated ground. The husband followed the remains to the graveyard, the only other attendant being the Polish widow, and in a few minutes the grave closed on all that was mortal of poor Terena Rubas.

The death of his wife seemed in no way to act as a warning to Bernhard. He behaved fairly well on the day of the inquest and the funeral, but on returning from the latter in the evening, started straightway for a saloon, and long before midnight had drank himself into a state of complete intoxication. He now made no secret of his connection with the woman before referred to, and actually sold his homestead and removed his furniture to her house.

Terena's friend, the poor widow who had so carefully tended her while alive, mourned deeply, and felt almost tempted to question the over-ruling power of Providence, as she thought of her sufferings and death, while the brutal husband reveled in health and indulged to the full in his career of profligacy and dissipation.

And now comes the strangest part of this history, which, if it had not been sworn to in court before a judge, and corroborated by still more mysterious circumstances, would be looked upon as too romantic to deserve for a moment the consideration of the intelligent reader.

One evening, a few months after the death of Mrs. Rubas, the widow was sitting on a bench in front of her cottage, a retired one near to Clybourne place, when she heard footsteps approaching, and, turning her head, saw Terena Rubas by her side. The sweetness, mildness, and naturalness of her appearance completely overmastered that terror which it would be thought such an apparition would have occasioned, and, instead of being horrified, the widow was really rejoiced to see her. She was dressed

in her habit as she lived, and there was nothing ghostly or shadow-like in her appearance. According to the sworn testimony of the widow as taken before a Notary Public, and afterwards repeated in the private room of Judge —— to that estimable jurist, the following conversation then took place:

"The Saints in Heaven preserve us! Terena, is that you? Where have you been? We all thought it was your body they found in the pond at Lincoln Park."

"And who did you think put me there?"

"We thought you had drowned yourself."

"How could *you* do me such an injustice?"

"What could I do; what could I say; what could I think? But where have you been, Terena?"

"I have been on a long, long journey."

"But why did you go without letting me know? You know I was always a friend of yours."

"I was hurried away, and had no time."

"But you were so ill. How could you get away?"

"I am better now. I never was so well in my life, not even when, a light-hearted girl, I danced

at home by the banks of the dear old Vistula. My husband cured me."

"What, your husband? Why, how did he cure you?"

"With a bottle."

"Why didn't he tell me? I don't understand it at all. But where have you been, Terena?"

"I have been on a journey to a strange place. But you know nothing of it. You only know that dreadful place in the Park, where I rested the first night, and a cold, damp place it was."

"Heaven help me! why that was the pond where they found what they said was your body. But tell me, Terena, are you really not dead?"

"How can you ask such a question? Do you not see me alive and well, and happy? Oh, so happy!"

"I know and believe that the soul can not die. But was it not your body that was found in Lincoln Park, and that the Coroner's Jury sat upon?"

"You are right, but I am come again for your sake, that you should not think hardly

of me. How could you believe I would kill myself? My husband knocked me down with a blow from a bottle on the back of my head, fracturing my skull. He then put my body into an old sack and carried it to the Park, watched his opportunity, and threw it into the pond."

The strain upon the widow's nerves was too great for endurance. She fainted, and when she returned to consciousness, the apparition, or whatever it was, had disappeared. The truthfulness, the reality, the importance of what she had seen and heard, were so impressed upon her mind that she went early next day to visit the Coroner, to whom she told the story.

Of course, that official laughed at the tale, called her a monomaniac, and told her to go to some spiritualist with her yarn, for that they only needed a thing to be impossible in order to believe it. The advice was given in scorn, for the matter-of-fact Coroner had no sympathy whatever with spiritualist manifestations, and probably held rather hazy views about a future life anyhow. But the woman persevered, and carried her story from one high official to another, until she saw and was introduced to a legal gentleman

well known as a believer in actual manifestations from the Spirit Land.

He determined to quietly investigate the matter, and ascertain what credit could be attached to so singular a circumstance. His first act was to have the body exhumed and examined. This, his official position enabled him to have done. It was evident at once that the woman had died from a blow on the head. The skull was broken; the fracture was semi-circular, and the long hair had been carefully folded over the wound, and kept in place by one of those head-bands so constantly worn by Polish women.

Next, without the issuance of a warrant, the man, Bernhard Rubas, was brought before the J——, who closely questioned him in his private office. The man was defiant, and denied, in toto, every accusation or insinuation that he had any hand in his wife's death. Finally, he offered to make oath that he knew nothing of her, except that she was still in bed when he left home in the morning, and must have got up and walked to the Park. But in the very act of lifting the sacred volume to his lips, retribution, swift and terrible, overtook him. His tongue seemed par-

alyzed, his lower jaw dropped, his eyes almost started from their sockets, and he stared fixedly at a spot a few feet off. All looked in that direction, but could see nothing. With a violent effort, the murderer broke the silence, exclaiming : —

"Terena ! Terena ! forgive me ; forgive me. Let me rest ; let me rest."

He then fell to the floor in terrible convulsions. He was placed under the care of a physician of good standing, and his ravings clearly proved the manner of his crime. Again and again he acted it over in his delirium, and ever imagined that the spirit of his murdered wife stood just at the head of the bed, but always beyond his reach. He never recovered his senses, and is now an inmate of one of the "violent" wards in the Insane Asylum.

The facts as given above were suppressed at the time, but an examination of the records will establish their substantial truth ; only the names being changed. Of course the criminal code contains no provision for the reception of evidence from the spirit world, and during the continuance of Rubas' insanity, he can not be placed on trial. We have no theories to advance, and the

reader must take this mysterious history on its merits, premising only that the scene in the private office of the legal official spoken of, was witnessed by no less than seven reputable persons, and that the Polish widow to whom the apparition confided the dreadful secret, is a woman of good character, and had no motive for deception.

LEAF VIII.

FANNY MORDAUNT'S LOVE.

A PRETTIER girl than Fanny Mordaunt did not live between Ashland avenue and the Lake Shore. Her station in life was a humble one; for her mother was a soldier's widow, eking out the bare subsistence afforded by a pension by taking in plain sewing.

When I first knew Fanny she was a pupil at the Scammon School, and as she tripped along Madison street, in her simple calico dress and broad sun-bonnet, with her books under her arm, she was a subject of observation to all who passed her.

The busy clerks engaged in dressing dry goods store windows paused, with articles of merchandise in their hands, to gaze on Fanny as she passed, and her big blue eyes, rosy cheeks and long flaxen curls haunted them through their business hours and were in their thoughts by night as well as day.

When Fanny left school she assisted her mother, and carried home the sewing she had completed. She was a good girl, and paid no attention to the rude remarks or fulsome compliments which were uttered in her hearing at crossings and wherever groups of young men congregated.

In this precocious age, when misses of seven give parties and wear diamonds, and when boys who ought to be in pinafores are dressed up man-fashion, to chaperon the darlings, Fanny had arrived at seventeen without ever having had a beau. She was of a retiring disposition, and if her glass had told her that she was beautiful, it had not spoiled her; for she was as modest as pretty, and the wish of her mother was to her the highest law, while to fondle her baby brother Arthur was her greatest pleasure.

But a change came over the spirit of her dream,

and that pure, simple heart, which had never felt a ripple in the current of its existence, was to become a whirlpool of passion. That fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, whose wrath had never yet outlasted the shades of evening, was to prove herself a woman of passions as strong, hatred as bitter, and revenge as dire as a Borgia or a Catherine.

On the West Side, near to Union Park, there lived a young man, whose name was Beauchamp. English by birth, he had in his boyhood been sent out to the East Indies as a clerk; but, falling into evil hands, had appropriated funds to which he had no right, dissipated them with dissolute companions of his own age, and, dreading discovery, had secured a passage to California, where he soon became thoroughly vitiated in the society of hoodlums and gamblers. Getting into difficulties there, and becoming known to the police, he had journeyed farther east, and, finding Chicago a fit field for his operations, he halted here, and was well known to the faster portion of our men-about-town as an expert roper-in and successful fleecer of greenhorns. He was extremely handsome, dressed well, and had all the outward appearance of a gentleman; while a good education, a ready tongue and a

polite exterior readily procured him admission into society circles on the West Side, where he was not known, but regarded as a young Englishman of means, who had some kind of position among the merchants of the city.

One evening, while passing through the park, a rough and partially intoxicated man had addressed some rude words to Fanny, who was hurrying away, her face suffused with blushes and her eyes radiant with tears. At this moment Alfred Beauchamp appeared upon the field, and having noticed the poor girl's distress, politely offered her his protection. She, in her fear, not stopping to reflect, permitted him to see her home. He, with the ease of a man of the world, introduced himself to her mother, and that evening was the first of a series of visits which terminated in Alfred's being considered the accepted lover of Fanny Mordaunt.

He was the most attentive of swains, and scarcely a day passed without some little present or some delicate act of kindness, showing how much she was admired by her lover.

He used frequently to take her to places of amusement, at first with her mother; but gradually the mother was dropped, and they went

together, the poor widow having all the confidence in the world in the virtue of her daughter and the honor of her daughter's lover.

Of course little suppers and prolonged visits to ice-cream rooms and other after-theatre resorts followed, and it was usually very late before they returned.

Slowly, methodically and satanically, with all the art of the libertine, all the wiles of a Mephistopheles, did this handsome *roue* undermine the virtue of this poor young girl. She loved him, she believed in him, she thought him the Chevalier Bayard of truth and honor, and—it was the same old, old story—trust, passion, delirium, remorse. No longer the regal mistress, but the slave of the whims and humors of a being without principle and without truth.

Petted in his idle hours, fondled when the love-fit was on, and left to pine for long, dreary hours, poor Fanny now lived in a fashionable suite of rooms on Washington street, under the name of wife, it is true, but knowing, feeling, every hour, that she was but tenant at will.

The great fault had brought bitter repentance, the unguarded half hour had been succeeded by months of sorrow, and her sad face and down-

cast eye, her refusal to go into such company as he would have chosen for her, soon tired him of his victim, and she saw herself neglected by the man who had sworn to love her, to cherish her through good and evil report.

There were plenty of women, he told her, living in Chicago, in the same condition, who, satisfied with dress and diamonds, formed a society of their own and lived a life of continued pleasure. Poor Fanny had not been nurtured in a preparatory school for such a life, and its very idea shocked her. She had fallen, it is true, but oh, not so low.

But deeper sorrow, more bitter humiliation, still lower degradation, if possible, awaited Fanny.

The fires of jealousy were added to the pangs of remorse and the feelings aroused by neglect. A letter which she found in Beauchamp's pocket was the first intimation of his intention to desert her, and by an honorable (?) alliance with another, secure a fortune of considerable amount. Of course she did not ascertain all the facts at once, but she kept her own counsel. The note gave her the clue, and she had plenty of time to follow it up. She discovered where he spent

many of his evenings; that he passed for a wealthy member of the Board of Trade; that he had managed to exhibit to the guardian of the wealthy orphan such evidences of respectability as had satisfied him; that he had secured the affections of the young lady, who was as beautiful as rich, but of a totally different style of beauty from her own—tall, dark, queen-like; that he had proposed for her hand, and had been accepted.

No sooner had she, by patient search, discovered these facts, than her mind was made up. Neglect and scorn had long killed in her that love which had led her to ruin, and a life cut off from all communication with sympathy had blunted the feeling of shame which would make her suffer in silence and despair. Nothing was left in her heart but a desire for revenge—a determination to thwart his designs and prevent his marriage.

Her resolve once taken, she was not slow to carry it out. Dressed in neat yet elegant attire, and still resplendent in her blonde beauty, she called at the house of her rival, sent up her maiden name, and was admitted.

"To what do I owe this honor?" asked the tall

and stately Miss Atherston, as she swept with her hazel eye the well dressed and beautiful girl before her.

"Have I the privilege of speaking to Miss Honoria Atherston?" asked Fanny Mordaunt.

"That is my name," replied Honoria, "and yours, I see," glancing at the card she held in her hand, "is ——"

"Never mind my name," impetuously interrupted Fanny. "Who I am matters not, but I am come to save you from misery worse than death. You are engaged to Alfred Beauchamp—"

"But, madam, by what right ——"

"By what right? By every right, by every wrong, by every duty, by every feeling which can swell and break a woman's heart."

"But ——"

"Do not interrupt me. Let me, if I can, save you from a fate as cruel as mine. Would you place your happiness in the hands of a systematic seducer? your fortune in the power of a professional gambler?"

"Really, Miss Mordaunt, I can not hear one in whom I may take an interest thus attacked."

"You would rather rush blindly on your fate than listen to words of truth and warning."

"What proofs have you?"

"What proofs? Look at me. I was once a pure and happy girl, happy in my innocence and my poverty, the delight of a widowed mother's heart, the pride of a darling brother. What am I now? Nay, do not start. I will not long disgrace your house with a presence so loathsome. The tempter came—in the form of Beauchamp—wormed himself into my affections, slowly, deliberately and damnably sapped the principles of womanly virtue in which I had been reared, deceived my mother, deceived me, and now, when the novelty of his poor conquest has worn off, would secure you; not for your beauty, though that is glorious, not for your companionship, but that he may risk your fortune at the gambling table, may take your money to the race-course and the betting-room, may make you the plaything of his idle hours, and the hostess, doing the honors of your table to such as he will bring about you."

"Really, Miss Mordaunt, I can not listen to such language as this. Mr. Beauchamp is a gentleman, and is, I admit, my accepted lover, and if at any time he has, like all men of the world,

stooped to a dishonorable *amour* with some mercenary woman, whose presence is ——"

"Contamination, you would say. It is well, proud lady. Heap insult upon the head of the woman who would save you; but I tell you that Fanny Mordaunt *will not* be deserted, will not see you the wife of the man who has driven her thus far on the road to perdition. Love may be dead; fascination may have lost its power; my charms, once as great and attractive as your own, may have faded, but in this bosom there is yet one passion which can not die, which shall not sleep, which will not fail, and that passion is revenge. I would have blessed you—you refuse my aid. Go on. Make Beauchamp your husband, and then—then—we shall meet again."

Fanny, without another word, withdrew, and left Miss Atherston perturbed and annoyed. Her first impulse was to send at once for Alfred; but on second thought she determined to bear the suspense until night, when he would be sure to call, and then an explanation might ensue.

Evening came, and with it her lover, gayer and more charming than ever. His appearance was so elegant, his voice so sweet, his manner so ingenuous, that Honoria had not the heart to make

him unhappy. She thought of course that the story she had heard was an exaggeration of pique and unprincipled slander, that the woman belonged to that class who by similar stories manage to extort money from their victims, and it was late in the evening before she ventured to ask him if he knew a lady named Fanny Mordaunt.

For a moment he was disconcerted; but he had been bred in a school where sudden surprises are received with a nonchalance so well contrived that the face is no index to the mind, and in a few curt and cruel sentences he dismissed the doubts which had found a lodging in his fair one's breast. In his heart of hearts, however, he registered an oath to make Fanny suffer; and when he left his lady-love that evening it was to hurry to his mistress and effectually silence her pratings for the future. It is impossible to say what dark feelings possessed him, what were his plans, and how he would have secured her non-interference; for when he reached her rooms all was dark, and no one answered his demand for admission.

Coming down the stairs, a head was obtruded from one of the lower doors and he was asked if he required the key, which had been left there

for him. He took it and ascended again. Opening the door, striking a match and lighting the gas, he found everything in confusion. Boxes and drawers were open, heaps of clothes and other things were upon the floor, letters were torn to shreds and scattered around; but not a line, not a word left to explain the absence of Fanny.

Days passed away, but he could learn nothing of her whereabouts. He closely watched the daily papers, carefully scrutinized the accounts of suicides and "bodies found;" but nothing could he discover. He employed spies, but to no purpose; and he finally concluded that the poor, deceived girl had changed her name, left the city, and probably accepted, in her rage and despair, a course of life which would effectually secure her from sympathy or from likely recognition.

He was not the man to permit such an episode in his life to disturb his plans, and having cunningly succeeded in setting himself right with Honoria, the wedding-day was fixed, and every preparation was made in the way of trousseau and arrangements for a nuptial trip to the East.

Far from these circumstances having made

him shy of his old haunts, he became among his gambling friends more reckless than ever. He scarcely ever failed to secure some new pigeon to be plucked, and took a hand in the operation. The night before the day appointed for his wedding, he had formed the acquaintance of a couple of young men who had come to Chicago for the purpose of purchasing a crushing mill to carry out to the Colorado mining district, and who were both well loaded down with money, lavish in their display of it, and reckless in its expenditure. One of them was a burly, dark-eyed, black-moustached fellow of some five and twenty, the other one a light-complexioned youth of retiring disposition, who seemed to studiously avoid notice, who sat apart and refused to indulge in either the drinking or social converse of his companions. He was suffering from a violent fit of neuralgia, and was closely muffled up in an overcoat and large scarlet comforter.

It was at a well-known saloon in Theatre alley, that these parties met early in the evening, and an appointment was made for a quiet game of faro, after the theatre, at a notorious hell on Clark street.

All the parties were prompt, and, once intro-

duced, play ran high. The two western men seemed careless whether they won or lost, and after the usual drawing on by minor winnings on their part, heavier stakes were proposed, and the inevitable fleecing began. The younger one, however, took no active part in the game, permitting his partner to play for him, and merely producing, from time to time, rolls of notes from his pockets, as they rapidly disappeared and became the property of Alfred Beauchamp and his companions.

Much larger sums than had been staked in the earlier stages of the game, were still further augmented by bets on the turn of the various chances, and once the younger man, while handing over to his companion a roll of notes, carelessly laid his hand upon the neck of Beauchamp.

In an instant, before even the action had been remarked, Beauchamp uttered a short, sharp cry, stifled in its birth, dropped his cards, threw back his head, extended his limbs, his hands dropped by his side, his mouth opened, his eyes closed, and it was thought he had fainted. But he was dead.

No pen can portray the excitement. They

threw open his vest, undid his collar, dashed water in his face, forced brandy down his throat, but it was useless. He lay there limp as a rag, all muscular contraction gone, and the pulse no longer beating. There was certainly no one to blame for his death, there had been no quarrel, no weapon used; and the only thing to be done was to send for a medical man, clear away the evidences of their employment, and summon the police.

During the excitement caused by this fatal incident, it was scarcely noticed that the younger of the two strangers had abruptly taken his leave, but as no suspicions were aroused, no one could be blamed, and he had taken so little interest in the game, being mostly employed in holding the handkerchief to his face, he was forgotten, or rather the gamblers were relieved by his absence, holding as they did several hundred dollars of his money.

When the doctor arrived, he carefully stripped and examined the corpse, and without being able on so cursory an inspection, to give any diagnosis of the cause of death, beyond his opinion that it was from internal rupture of some important vessel connected immediately with the heart, he

retired to give the usual notice for the impanelment of a coroner's inquest.

The inquest was held. An autopsy was made, and no cause could be assigned, as every portion of life's machinery was healthy and perfect, and a verdict of "Died by the visitation of God," was insisted upon by a jury of which the majority chanced to be Englishmen.

Of course the manner of Beauchamp's life was no longer a secret, and the Atherston family saw what an abyss had been escaped by Honoria. She was shocked and horrified at the awfully sudden death of her lover, but saw now that she had been deceived by him, and that she had in all probability been spared a life of misery and humiliation.

There was, however, one man in Chicago, a member of a noted detective corps, who was not satisfied with the result of the Coroner's inquest, and who felt assured that there been some foul play; he in some way or other connected the young man with the death of Beauchamp, and, with quiet alacrity, endeavored to trace out the whereabouts of the couple from the West.

He discovered all he was in search of, but the story never became public. He is now in Eu-

rope, and a beautiful blonde was his companion on the journey. In his possession is a singularly made ring, having on its surface a fine point not larger than the spore of a Canada thistle. This point is hollow, and in the body of the ring is a receptacle so arranged as upon pressure of the ring to emit a minute globule of fluid.

That ring was the implement in the hands of Fanny Mordaunt to revenge her wrongs.

The dark young man was professor of toxicology in a western college. During his researches after the history of poisons, he encountered in New York an old German chemist, who had succeeded in obtaining from a Patagonian Indian a small quantity of the deadly *Wourali*, that virulent poison which is made by the savage tribes of South America for the anointing of their arrows.

It is a grayish powder, resembling pepper in its appearance, of which the smallest dose in solution is instantaneous death. It may be swallowed with impunity, but once coming in contact with the blood, has no antidote. Contrary to the strychnine class, it totally suspends spasmodic and muscular action, so that death is painless,

from the heart's ceasing to beat, or the nerves to act.

Fanny Mordaunt had known this young man when he was in a drug store on Madison street; had heard of his researches, and had once heard him describe this poison, when he was on a vacation visit to Chicago.

She had made up her mind, and when she left Chicago, she went to Iowa City, determined to bend him to her will. How well she succeeded, this narrative has shown. He has since given up his professorship, and is now traveling in China and Japan.

Fanny remains in Europe, and Honoria is still unmarried.

LEAF IX.

THE MAN WITH THE COMICAL HAT.

WHEN upon the staff of the ——, my assignments usually led me where great crowds of people, for either business or pleasure, congregated, and there was scarcely a monster gathering of people, from Bridgeport to Lake View, or from the shores of Lake Michigan to Central Park, of which I did not form an integral part.

Upon one occasion, at a large political mass meeting in the vicinity of Twenty-second street,

I, by chance, noted a tall and well-dressed man, standing in the crowd, not far from the platform upon which the reporters were seated. There was nothing peculiar about this individual to invite scrutiny, except his hat. He had on a loose overcoat of a quiet Oxford mixture hue, a stand-up collar, and a full flowing beard, like many others in the crowd; but what a hat! You couldn't help seeing that hat. Although so prominent an object, it would be hard to give any description of it which would not equally portray numerous other hats, and yet, once seen it was recognized forever

It was a plug—no, a felt—no,—I really can not say what the material was. It was not fluffy, it was not smooth; it was not a short hat, it was not a tall hat; it was not what you would call a glossy black hat, neither was it a drab or a brown or a white hat. It was as indefinite in color as it was in shape. There was nothing excruciatingly peculiar about the turn of the brim, it was not so much unlike the turn of other hats, and yet you couldn't help noticing it, and once your eye set upon that hat, it had a sort of fascination about it, and you could not—at least I could not—keep my eyes from it.

There the man stood in that dense crowd, seemingly stolidly listening to the spread-eagle oratory of the evening, without making any demonstration of dissent or appreciation. I got nervous about that hat. I should have liked to interview its owner, and had fully made up my mind so to do at the close of the meeting, but having to pay particular attention to a very rapid speaker, who was the lion of the evening, and whose remarks were expected by the political editor to be reported in full, I kept my head over the table at my short-hand notes for probably half an hour. When I looked again for my hat, it was gone. But the memory of that hat did not depart with it, and when copying out my notes, I found myself saying, involuntarily, "What a comical hat."

On the following Sunday, the great Plymouth divine was to preach at the Moody Church, on the North Side, and my assignment led me there. There was an immense crowd—the sidewalks, and even the roadway, for several blocks, were full of people. With the press talisman, which is the true American "Open Sesame," I made my way to the chief entrance, and while standing among a bevy of elegantly dressed ladies, I ex-

claimed aloud, not being able to repress my sensations, "There it is again!" There it was again, sure enough. The same identical hat towering above the marabout feathers and chignons of the fashionable crowd, evidently waiting to get into the place of worship. "Now," I thought to myself, "I have you certain, and before I take my notes in this evening, I will know the history of that hat."

There was, however, one very strange circumstance about its wearer which puzzled me, and which I could not elucidate to my own satisfaction. The hat was the same; there was no mistaking that. The figure was the same—the same tall man of military bearing. The face was the same; but where were the whiskers? Certainly, when last I saw that hat, that face, the chin and cheeks were fringed with a long, flowing, iron-gray beard. What could have induced the man to shave? The naked face did not become him half so well as that luxurious growth of hair, which must have been the result of much time and care.

However, the doors opened. I rushed in with the first surge of the crowd, and when I had taken my place, I looked round in vain for the

hat—my hat, for I began to feel a sort of partner proprietorship in that remarkable specimen of head gear.

I saw it no more that day. In fact, several days passed and I had learned to look upon that hat as one of the things no fellow could fathom, one of those conundrums to be placed with "what song the syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women."

The next great crowd I visited was on the occasion of a notable fire on State street. The whole street was illumined by the flames, and a seething mass of humanity crowded as near the burning building and the sweating firemen as heat and police would permit. I was busy interrogating a watchman, who had been in charge of the store, when, lifting up my head, illuminated by the red glare of the flames, was that mysterious hat. Of course I couldn't mistake it. It was photographed on my brain, and I could have picked it out in a moment from that heterogeneous heap of hats in Hogarth's "Assembly Ball."

But there was another mystery about it this time. Instead of the iron gray whiskers and

beard; instead of the smooth shaved face; the wearer of that hat, the tall, military enigma, was hirsute as a bear, and his beard was as red as *Tittlebat Titmouse's*, in Warren's once fashionable novel, "Ten Thousand a Year."

"What is this mystery?" I exclaimed; "I will fathom it, or——" "Stand back, young man," bawled a stalwart policeman, as I was suiting the action to the word, and rushing beyond the cordon of official guardians. While expostulating with the club-holder, my wraith again disappeared, and, driven almost to desperation, I registered a mental vow that I would obtain the secret of that hat, or perish in the attempt.

It would be merely wearying the reader to recapitulate the number of times I saw, the number of times I came within an ace of capturing, that hat. At the Exposition I saw it looming up. At a base-ball match it was in the thickest throng of spectators. It haunted me at the races, but never seemed to affect the grand stand; and always, in some very mysterious way or another, escaped me. And the number of beards—the simple

moustache, the moustache and imperial, the sober mutton chop, and the waving Dundreary, the shovel, the close cropped, the full flowing, the white, the black, the gray, the brown, the tawny, the decided carrot, and the towy auburn. I shouldn't have been surprised to see that hat overtopping a luxuriant crop of grass green hair.

One day by chance, when I had lost sight of that hat and its wearer for some weeks, I casually strolled into the store of one of our leading hatters.

Could I believe my eyes? Was I dreaming? Were my optics making fools of the other senses? There was the identical hat on the counter.

Concealing my astonishment, my wonder, my delight, I went up to it. It was the same nondescript color, the same indescribable shape, had the same indefinable curve of brim, but it was brand new.

I picked it up; I put it on; it fitted me to a hair.

"This is a very nobby hat," I remarked to the clerk. "It suits my style of beauty to a T. What is the price?"

"Oh, that hat," said he, "was made to order."

"Of course," I replied; "but the man who made that can make another. It's Hobson's choice with me. I've taken a fancy to that hat; so it or none."

"Well," answered he, "the figure is seven fifty, and if you will have it, I must send round and get another fixed up."

I paid the money and went home rejoicing, the possessor of at least the counterpart of the mysterious hat which had haunted me for months.

That very night there was a grand affair at the Pavilion, on the North Side. About nine o'clock I put on my new hat and went over. I was soon in the thick of the crowd, looking round anxiously, expecting every moment to see my *alter ego* make his appearance, and speculating as to what his feelings would be when he found another Richmond in the field.

I felt a slight tug at my coat; I turned round, there was no one there whom I knew, so I took no further notice. I drew nearer to the music platform. Again I felt a decided pull at my coat-tails. I looked round again, but saw no

one who could have thus wished to attract my attention. I got interested in the music, I was lost in thought, for sweet sounds always make me pensive; not that I'm saddest when I sing, for I could never strike a successful note in my life, but all at once I felt another most decided tug at my tail pocket. I put my hand behind me.

What was this? The pocket had evidently grown bulky. I put my hand in, and the first thing it came in contact with was a watch. Diving lower, there was another; and lower still, a fairly plethoric pocket-book.

"Oh ho," thought I to myself, "here is a little game up, of which I must learn the mystery," and I quietly proceeded to establish myself within the shadow of a pillar.

Had I been a pawnbroker's shop I couldn't have been more filled with miscellaneous objects of value. My pockets became so weighted that I wonder the waist seams didn't give way. I was a perambulating jewelry store, a small haberdashery repository, a savings bank, in which somebody unknown was depositing small sums without taking them out of their purses. I was a Fidelity Safety vault on a limited scale. The

inflooding of wealth was becoming monotonous, and the pockets would scarcely hold more, when I luckily espied Seavey enter the gardens. He knew me, and, giving him a well known signal, he went out and I followed.

We went to a safe retreat, and there I unbosomed my mind and my coat tails. The plunder I had accumulated was wonderful, and both of us were non-plussed. We could not understand it.

"What a queer hat you have on," said Seavey.

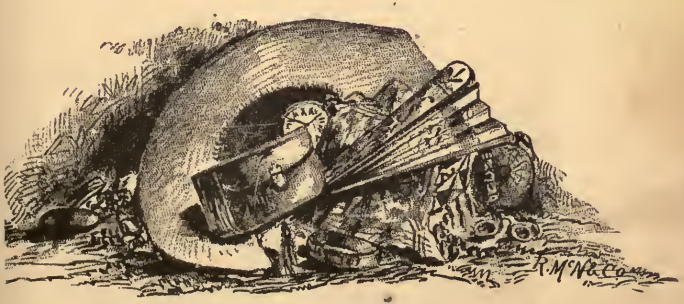
"That's it, by jingo," I replied; "it's all in that hat," and then I told him its history.

We tumbled to the racket, and having placed all my miscellaneous wealth in his hands, he proceeded to set me again. Placing a few detectives round me, several hauls of small boys were soon made.

They picked up the unconsidered trifles and deposited them with the man with the comical hat, and were appropriated by the police as they retreated from my pockets.

From one whose fears got the better of his caution all the little game was obtained, and such a museum as the house of the "fence"

proved to be is not frequently seen. The man who wore the comical hat managed in some way or other to find out that he was "wanted," and moved from the scene. Doubtless the pick-pocket fraternity of Chicago have before this discovered some other equally ingenious method of marking the man with whom they place their goods.



LEAF X.

TRUE LOVE AND FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

LOUD was the hubbub in the fashionable circles of Chicago, when Mrs. Pardoe, a reigning favorite, filed her bill for divorce in the Circuit Court. She had only been married a few months. Her husband was a prosperous commission merchant on South Water street. He was passionately fond of his young and beautiful wife, and was unremitting in his efforts to make their house on West Congress street one of the prettiest and most attractive homes in the city. The neighbors were enthusi-

astic in their predictions of a long lease of happiness for the newly wedded pair, whose domestic horizon looked calm and bright and cheerful.

The thunderbolt came from a clear sky. There had been no lowering clouds of connubial discord, no murmurings, no bickerings or other harbingers of a domestic storm. Everything appeared to be running as calmly and smoothly as usual, when the crash came. For several weeks, this sudden disruption in an apparently happy household was eagerly discussed by society people. All kinds of theories were advanced, and many-tongued rumor soon gave rise to stories of a sensational nature. The parties to the suit were extremely reticent, and, finding little food for their prurient curiosity, the gossips eventually dropped the case, and sought other employment for their ready tongues.

An investigation of the papers filed in court threw no definite light on the motives which influenced Mrs. Pardoe in applying for a divorce. The bill was brief and guarded in its language. It simply declared that the marriage was the result of misrepresentations on the part of Pardoe; that the petitioner could no longer love and

respect her husband, who had used underhand means to win her affection; and that a general incompatability of tastes and temper existed, which was, in itself, a sufficient ground for separation.

For some reason or other, this peculiar document never found its way into the newspapers. Indeed, after speculating on the case a few days, the reporters dropped it as unprofitable, and up to this time the inside history of this somewhat remarkable and romantic divorce suit has never been told.

No cross-bill was filed by Mr. Pardoe. He did not appear to defend, and in due course the decree was granted, and Mrs. Emily Pardoe was free to marry again.

Soon afterwards the divorced wife was seen often in the company of James Atkins, a young and rising lawyer, and formerly a fast friend of Pardoe. Atkins had been traveling in Europe two years, and returned to Chicago about the time the divorce proceedings were instituted. Six months after the separation of Mr. and Mrs. Pardoe, Atkins was quietly married to the latter.

This proceeding started anew the busy tongue of scandal. There were dark hints and whispers

of a former intrigue. But Mr. and Mrs. Atkins settled down in a neat little house on the South Side, and the correctness of their lives and undoubted happiness soon silenced these scandalous stories. It is seven years since their marriage, and not a cloud has overshadowed their peaceful hearth.

The facts relating to the divorce and remarriage were given me by a friend of the second husband, on condition that I should keep them to myself for awhile. As it is now several years since the revelation was made, I think I may fairly consider myself absolved from the promise, and at liberty to tell what I know about a case which created so much wonder and surprise when it occurred.

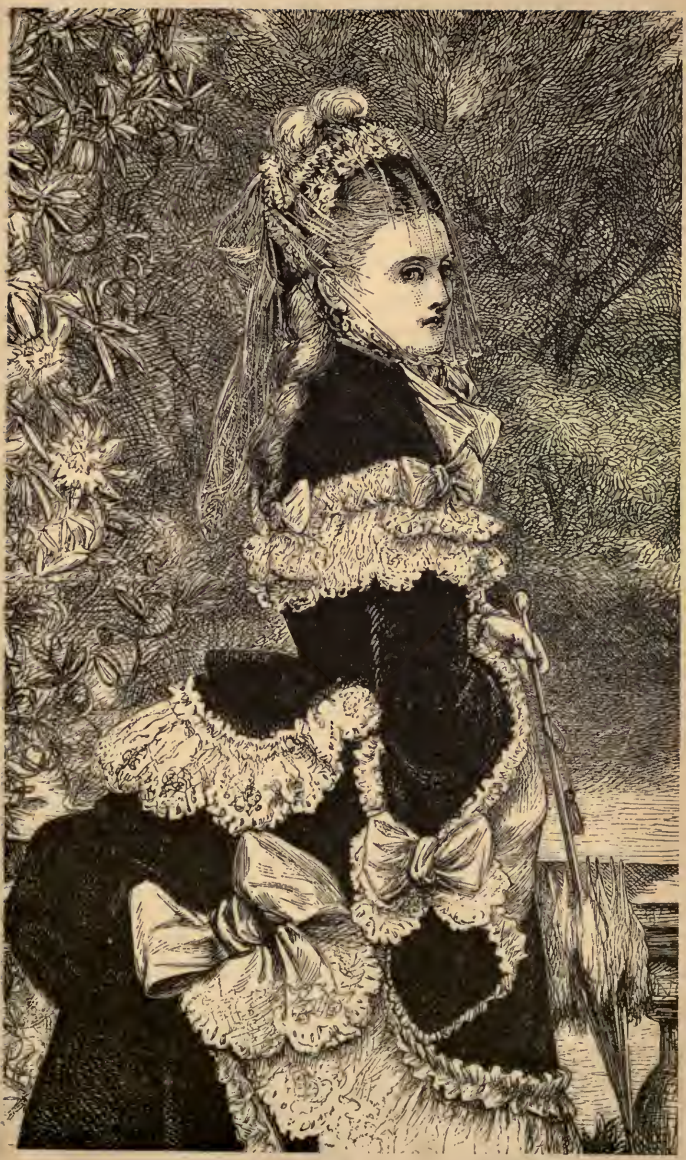
William Pardoe, the first, and James Atkins, the second, husband of Emily Frazer, were close friends and companions—prior to the departure of the latter for Europe. They had passed through college together, and, on starting out on the real battle of life, they set up bachelor's hall in rooms on Michigan avenue. Both were fairly successful in the career they had mapped out, and for both the future seemed bright. Both knew, and unhappily both learned to love, the

same woman. Emily Frazer was a girl distinguished even more for her accomplishments of mind than for her personal beauty, though that was far greater than falls to the lot of most women. She was the acknowledged belle of her circle, but though the recipient of the warmest admiration of many, it was long before she could be brought to select one. When she did, the fortunate man was James Atkins.

The announcement of the engagement was made, and from no one did the affianced groom receive more apparently hearty congratulations than from his life-time friend, Pardoe. Whatever the latter may have felt, he carefully suppressed. He was naturally of a close and quiet disposition, and very reserved in manner — the exact antithesis of his rival in love. Atkins was open-handed and open-hearted to a fault. If he met with good fortune, he published it far and wide; if with hard luck, all must know it. He seemed as if he must have some one with whom to share his thoughts and confidences, and who so naturally chosen as his boyhood's friend? Pardoe became the recipient of his hopes and fears, his dreams and longings; and when urgent business necessitated a journey to Europe, and

Atkins left his intended bride and his friend, it is hard to say from which he parted with the most regret. His promises to write by every mail to the one, were supplemented by engagements to correspond freely with the other, and he only asked his friend to let him know, from time to time, how Miss Frazer bore the separation.

Atkins' absence in Europe was extended over a much greater length of time than he had calculated upon when he left Chicago. In Naples, he met, for the first time in many years, with a distant relative, and as ill-luck would have it, this relative fell sick. Atkins was compelled to break off his trip, for the illness of his friend proved a serious and protracted one, and for several weeks his letters ceased. When Miss Emily finally received one, it was but a brief note stating that Atkins was going with his cousin to a small seaport town in Sicily, and that he would write at length immediately on reaching there. She never received another letter from him. Anxiety was succeeded by doubt; and doubt deepened into suspicion. Eight months from the date of the last letter, Emily Frazer received a dusty packet of unmistakeably foreign appearance, and postmarked Civita Vecchia. It was a copy of *Galig-*



nani's Messenger, and in it she read the following notice:

"MARRIED—On the 8th inst., at the Chapel of the American Embassy, Turin; James Atkins, Esq., of Chicago, U. S., to Marie Josephine, Countess of Tibault, and widow of the late General Tejedi, of the Royal Austrian Cuirassiers."

The fatal story broke at once upon her mind; her faithless lover had been attracted by the charms of some lady of rank and wealth, and had thrown his vows to the winds. She was a woman of spirit as well as beauty, and with her to think was to decide. Wounded and stricken though she was, she was too proud to show, even to her nearest and most confidential friends, how the blow affected her. She was not one to "wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at," and to her the evidence of faithlessness was perfect. None could doubt the announcement in *Galignani*, and yet the sequel will show that it was a fatal error to act as Emily did on such evidence.

The conduct of Pardoe since the departure of his friend had been perfect. He often met Miss Frazer in society, but with great delicacy refrained from pressing upon her attentions which must have embarrassed her. Yet so well did he play his cards that his relations to Emily were almost

of a confidential nature. The generous Atkins, in his earlier letters, had spoken much of his school friend and college companion, and had in the fullest degree expressed his confidence in him. When, therefore, Pardoe requested an interview with her two or three days after she had received the foreign newspaper, and drawing from his pocket a letter which he said he had received from an artist friend in Rome, read out to her a few sentences confirmatory of the paragraph, the last hope fled.

The loving Emily became changed. Her pride revolted against the treatment to which she believed she had been subjected. It is no wonder then that Pardoe found it an easy task to persuade her that the best way to show the world that the defection of her affianced had not preyed upon her mind, was to at once accept and marry him. He appealed to her pride rather than her love, satisfied that once married all would be well. The girl listened, consented, and they were wed.

As we have said, the domestic happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Pardoe seemed complete until the crash came. Pardoe forgot in his new-found bliss the inevitable Nemesis that was pursuing him, and

trusted that if Atkins ever should return to Chicago he would be able to prevent a meeting with his wife. There is no doubt that he loved her, for he had dared much for her, and he fondly hoped that come what might she would not turn against him. With many women this might have been so, but not with Emily.

Pardoe was seated in his office one afternoon, when his clerk informed him that a gentleman had called, but finding Pardoe out had expressed his intention of calling at his private residence. "He left his card," continued the employe, "and said he would look you up at once. He has gone to your house now." Pardoe gazed in terror at the piece of pasteboard, for it bore the name of Atkins. Three hours later the dreaded explanation had been made. Pardoe broke down when confronted by his indignant friend and cruelly wronged wife, and confessed his double treachery. He it was who intercepted the letters, who had procured the publication in *Galignani*, and had poisoned the mind of Emily against her true lover.

Atkins took the only manly and sensible course. He gave Pardoe the alternative of resigning his claims and consenting to the obtaining of a

divorce, or of going to the Penitentiary for the violation of the United States laws, involved in the theft of the letters. Thus it was proposed to suppress all scandal in the one case, but, rather than let the guilty escape, the fullest publicity would be given to the facts. Pardoe fought hard against these terrible terms, but when the woman he had cheated and wronged assured him that under no circumstances would she spend another night under his roof, he surrendered at discretion. The plan then agreed upon was carried out to the letter, and the truth of this romance of three lives is told to-day for the first time.

LEAF XI.

"PIZUN JACK" OF TEXAS.

A FEW days ago, after returning from a Western trip, I was startled by the receipt of the following letter:

"DENVER, Aug. 14, 1879.

"*Dear Basso Profundo:*— You have doubtless heard of the sad death of our mutual friend and companion, Jack Finehart. You are the possessor of the only picture of him now in existence, and I beg of you, out of friendship to myself and his relatives, to forward the same to me by mail, that I may have a few copies made of it. The original I will take pleasure in returning to you.

"Sincerely your friend, L. B."

The information conveyed by this note was a solemn surprise to me. Scarcely two months before I had seen Jack in Denver, hale and hearty, and as reckless as ever. He formed one of a gang of bright, careless and reckless spirits, with whom every Bohemian was acquainted, and who possessed the genial, social qualities which every Bohemian admires. Many a pleasant evening did we pass together, and many a jovial song and mirth-rousing jest disturbed the slumbering citizens when Jack and Les and Dick and Harry (to say nothing of the humble chronicler) were out with the lark and the festive banjo.

I think this leaf can not be better filled than by a brief sketch of Finehart, who was one of the most fearless, reckless and daring characters that the West ever produced. In his melancholy moods, which if not frequent were intense while they lasted, Jack confided many items of his history to the writer, revealing a degree of sentiment and romance for which his boon companions never gave him credit. It was during one of those spasms of sentiment that he gave me the pencil sketch of himself (which, by the way, was executed by Mulvaney, of New York)

that is reproduced at the beginning of this leaf.

Finehart was a man of about 40 years of age—a Texan by birth and bringing up; a Texan in his instincts; a typical Texan in his manners; a Texan in his method of carrying a revolver (fully cocked and hanging from a belt behind); a Texan in his record; a thorough Texan "son of a gun." He approached nearer the ideal of a frontier character than any one I ever met. He was almost six feet tall, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh, possessed of a clear-cut, determined face, stern as the countenance of justice; a man whose immense strength was hidden in the finish of his proportions. He walked with military erectness and saluted his acquaintances with easy courtesy. His large moustache and broad, white hat set him off to peculiar advantage. No one meeting Jack for the first time could fail to be impressed by his appearance and curious as to his history.

The earliest days of the man's life were probably the most exciting. Twenty years ago blood was spilled as freely as water all over the West. Deeds that history shudders to relate were on the town annals of every hamlet. The frightful moral

abandon of border life in Texas now is scarcely worthy of notice in comparison with the life of a score of years ago, when Jack Finehart was a lad. He had a fine field to study in, and he was well-bred. He started his cemetery before crossing the threshhold of manhood, and before the down left his cheek murder was no novelty to him.

Finehart was often a leader of desperate people, and death came to him a hundred times, hovered about him, flirted with him, all but took him, and then departed. He did not rob railroad trains, coaches, horsemen, foot travelers, nor anybody else, but he quarreled and drank and killed, and lived along the frontier towns. When the war broke out, he had acquired that perfect fearlessness and indifference to death that in some men accustomed to facing it becomes an absolute passion, urging them madly on to wherever a prospect of ending life exists.

Finehart selected for his posts in the war the most foolhardy, dangerous and death-tempting that could be conceived. He ran powder trains; made journeys of exploration at the rate of seventy miles an hour to see if the railroads had been torn up; entered the Union camps at all points;

led forlorn hopes; was always at the front in a skirmish; scouted and spied until the business palled upon him; and mixed himself up in railroad affairs until no undertaking was too hazardous for him.

Once he started to cross a river the bridge over which tottered and appeared about to fall, having been burned by the Union troops. Everybody left the engine, and Jack plunged over the frail structure alone. The bridge went down, and Finehart jumped and swam ashore.

There was a great bully in Jack's regiment, whose prowess was not limited in any direction. He had frequently killed his man; in fact, he enjoyed killing his man; it was a very appetizing thing to do. In those days in Texas (the fellow was a Texan) you could serve your time to the butchering business without suffering any annoyance from the Justice of the Peace. He used to boast of his beautiful cemetery in Texas, and declare his intention of going back to continue the work of populating it.

One day, Jack Finehart, who watched his colleague in the graveyard business with a great deal of interest, happened to be in a saloon with

him. The man had hardly ceased relating some wonderful adventures in which he figured as the hero, when Jack drew an enormous pistol, cocked it and laid it on the bar beside the fellow, who first stared at the pistol and then at its owner. Finehart filled a glass with whisky and retiring a few steps tasted it. Then, facing the bully, he remarked in his easy manner:

"They call this good whisky. Smell of it and give me your opinion." With this he dashed the contents of the tumbler into the other's face.

There lay the revolver at the insulted man's elbow; there stood Finehart waiting to be shot dead. Every one expected a tragedy.

To the great astonishment of the spectators, who had some faith in the bully's pluck, the fellow did not move, but wiped the whisky from his face in astonished silence. This cowardly behavior was more than Jack could stand. He stepped up, grabbed the pistol, and planting the muzzle between the man's eyes, cried in a voice of thunder:

"Now, damn you, apologize for your lies, and slope."

The man made the most abject of apologies,

left the saloon hurriedly, and was never seen in the neighborhood again.

On another occasion Jack and a friend were sleeping in a log cabin on the prairies in Texas, keeping dark for some very good reason. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, they heard voices outside. Said Jack, with his habitual drawl:

"Let's see who they are." His friend was already looking out.

"Jack," he exclaimed, "they've got a rope!"

Jack paused, thoughtfully felt of his neck, and drawled, "Don't be scared; it's me."

He knocked out the cartridges of both of his revolvers and replaced them with others. He then felt of his bowie knife and made a number of rapid and exhausting movements to ascertain if he was stiff or out of condition. Meanwhile voices were heard crying, in different keys, "Jack," "Jack Finehart," "Come out, you damned Texan."

"Come in, boys," he drawled, getting his tools ready. Just as he stepped out, with a cocked pistol in each hand and a bowie knife in his mouth, there was a roar of laughter from the crowd.

It was moonlight, and Jack was arrested in the act of opening fire. The leader of the crowd told him they simply wanted his assistance to run a noted horse thief off to Cottonwood.

Jack put up his weapons in great dudgeon and disappointment.

On another occasion Finehart was in a New Mexico bar-room. A young New Yorker was talking a good deal, and Jack in his drawling Texan humor or indifference (the quality resembles either) offended and insulted him without intent. Finally, the New Yorker drew a seven-chambered pea-shooter and discharged every barrel at Finehart. The desperado received the shots without moving a muscle. Then, drawing quickly a pistol a foot long, he knocked the pea-shooter out of the youngster's hand, and said:

"Stranger, buy a gun that won't disgrace the country," and thus saying Jack deliberately put up his revolver, never even looking to see where the New Yorker's shots struck.

A young man once befriended Jack, and won his heart forever. Finehart was like a woman, except that the emotion he felt he was ashamed to show. He heard of some danger impending

Poison Jack
alias Jack Fincham

over the head of his friend, and for three months he dogged his footsteps day and night, ever hovering around him with his trusty revolvers buckled at his belt. At last, one dark, wintry night, while the young fellow, none the better for the liquor he had taken, was on his way home, two men, armed with knives, sprang out from a narrow alley. There was a short struggle, but the lad contrived to cry for help. "Save me," he screamed. "That's just what Jack Finehart has been waiting three months to do," was the answer. Two shots rang out on the midnight air, and while one of the cowardly assailants fell, face downward, on the street, the other broke into a run, unchecked by a third shot from the pistol of the chivalrous rescuer.

Finehart had a powerful name in Texas, Arizona, Kansas and New Mexico, and there was not a gambler from Galveston to Deadwood but feared and respected the man who bore it. An expert gambler, an unerring shot, and unequaled as a companion on a spree, he was nevertheless scrupulously honest, tender-hearted, sensitive, and as easily moved to tears as a woman. He had a way of subduing a gang of "hard men" by walking unarmed into their midst, announc-

ing his name and telling them to get out. Once, in a railroad town on the Union Pacific, when he was none too sober himself, he brought eight miserable, shivering wretches out of a wretched "dance-house," and ranging them in line on the street he delivered an impromptu lecture to them on "The evils of immorality."

Jack Finehart had one love affair, and only one. It was his sole romance in life, and he was very chary of talking about it. But I learned the facts, and they form a startling commentary on border life and the character of the man.

He and his brother both fell in love with the same girl, the niece of an officer in the regular army, then stationed at Camp Douglas, Utah. Jack could hate as well as love, and he could make and keep a promise. He and his brother came to an agreement by which both men pledged themselves never again to see or speak to the young lady, the penalty for a violation of the contract being that the offender should die at the hands of the other. The brothers shook hands over the bargain, and each went his way.

Six years after, Jack sought out his brother,

traveling over two thousand miles to do so. He told him quietly that he had broken his oath and wanted the compact kept. The brother remonstrated, but Jack was firm as adamant. He had forfeited a pledge and he was ready to die. The end of it all was that the two brothers met on the bank of the Platte river, one lovely summer evening. Jack drew a heavy derringer, cocked it, and handed it to his brother. The latter drew off a few paces, leveled the weapon, and looked once more at Jack. "I can't do it," he said.

Finehart stood there, solitary, tall, his arms folded, and an expression of quiet melancholy on his handsome face. "I am ready," was his sole reply. The brother leveled the pistol, took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger. The cartridge did not explode. Jack took one long quiet look at it, and seeing his brother about to fire again, once more gazed at the river. Suddenly the brother raised his arm, and the deadly weapon whizzed through the air, and found a last resting-place beneath the turbulent waters of the rushing stream.

Jack advanced in anger. "You are a perjurer," he said; "I would have killed you," and

disdaining the proffered hand of his brother, he strode rapidly away. The two never met again.

* * * * * *

At three o'clock on the morning of his death, he walked down Sixteenth street with a friend, and remarked :

"It's coming, coming, I feel it in the air, but I don't know how it's coming, and I'd like to know. I've got the sand to die game, and I'll die in my boots, but I'd like to know how it's coming."

"You ought to go somewhere, Jack," said his friend.

"Why, there ain't a spot in this Western country where 'Pizun Jack' is not in danger," he replied.

At 10 o'clock Jack was attending to his duties as yard-master of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad at Denver, a position to which he had been appointed a few days before. A switch engine was going down the yard behind a passenger train, and Finehart, knowing the engineer to be a Denver and Rio Grande man, and being naturally distrustful of him, jumped on the step and rode along. The ricketty engine was going

very fast. It went off the rails and fell over, and Jack Finehart was crushed to death.

This was the end of one of the most notorious characters of the West. He had seen death in many shapes, and was prepared for a violent end, but neither himself nor friends thought that his death would be the result of a railroad accident.

Only two months ago, Jack told the writer that he would not see the end of the year. Said he: "I know it's coming, Post, and I am glad of it. I've seen all of this world that I want to. I expect it from behind, but I'll die game. Nobody shall ever say that Jack Finehart showed the white feather. When you hear of my death, Post, don't write any nonsense about me. Say I died game, and say there were a wife and daughter in ——— that, rough as I am, I loved better'n my life. Say that, old man, and it's all that Jack Finehart asks."

Jack did'nt get it from behind, but he met a violent death. Notwithstanding his early indiscretions, he was a man of fine principles, ever ready to stand by a friend and see him through the worst of difficulties.

Towards the last, Jack seemed tired of his life.

He had seen and experienced more than most men, and cared little about leaving this mundane sphere in the orthodox fashion. The death he met was not what he expected or wished for. A bullet from a similar character would have been more to his liking, and fulfilled the prophecies he was continually making to his friends.

He now rests peacefully beneath the sod, and the words "Jack Finehart," on the white stone above, are all that reminds us of the story of a man who was brave and reckless in adventure, true in friendship, and unfortunate in love.

LEAF XII.

GLORIA.

I.

ROME.

IT was a night in Rome. The moon in queenly splendor hung in the sky, and through the narrow streets a cool and grateful breeze played. The sounds of an Italian city came from all sides, subdued and musical, with a pleasant undertone as of the falling of waters. Off from the Corso, now quiet, the Tiber in the moonlight brawled its yellow way to the sea, and far away from

over the walls of the city came the distant sound of bells. It was in May; all day long the sweet smell of flowers had blown in from the Campagna, and now in the night, on the banks of the river, there floated tender waves odoriferous with the breathings of fields of bloom. On marble steps that once paved the way of Roman magnificence, from the Tiber to the Corso, there sat groups of persons, idly lounging in the moonlight.

A little apart from the others sat a girl and boy. They could hardly be called woman and man. She was perhaps sixteen; he four or five years older. The girl said little, but listened to the low voice of the other. They were Americans, were each with their parents, and had first met on the steamer crossing the ocean. Since that time the routes of the two families had differed little, and the two had been much thrown together. Their talk was now of parting, and as they sat telling over the plans for the future, the girl became more and more silent. Irving, the young man, with his mother and aunt, was to go on to Cairo, by way of Naples, and the family of Gloria, the girl, was to start next day for Paris. It would be an impertinence to repeat the conversation of these two creatures. There is nothing

more sacred than the breathings from the heart of a pure young girl, and in this girl's heart there were secrets that might not be breathed even to the handsome youth who lay on the marble at her feet.

The experienced reader may feel surprised to hear that they did not talk of love. Gloria would have blushed with shame at anything so bold, and the young gentleman, who, indeed, loved her dearly, had still not the assurance to talk of it. In fact, to take her hand at parting, or at meeting; sometimes, perhaps, to put a shawl about her shoulders, were the nearest approaches that he had made to his heart's idol. She was a tender, modest little lady, and he was true man enough to appreciate her tenderness and her modesty. One reads of the forwardness of American young women while traveling abroad, but as to this charming creature, Juliet by her side would have been a hoyden. The thought of such a thing perhaps never entered her head, but to have delivered the Italian maid's speech from the balcony would have been beyond the courage of Gloria, although her girl's heart had little else in it than pictures of the boy, on whom her melting eyes were resting.

Neither of them was skilled in fine speeches. Possibly what they said would look commonplace enough in print. For over a year they had been wandering together: summer in the British Isles; fall and winter in Germany and France, and the spring-time in Italy. Irving had a boy's bright heart for beauty of form and color, and whether it was on Killarney's charming lakes, or on the plaza of the Schloss at Heidelberg, on the sluggish canals of Holland or the gay boulevards of Paris, his eyes found continually rising delights. He was a fine traveling companion; ready for adventure, tireless in the search for what was to be seen; he was frank and generous, with nothing of that muddy sentiment which age and experience too often bring.

The good taste and discretion of the youth, indeed, were such, that almost from the beginning the route of the two families had been managed by him. But now their paths separated; tears trickled down her cheeks, and one would have thought they were about to part forever. His heart lay like lead in his breast, and yet it was but for a month or two that they were to lose each other. It might be mentioned here, that there was not the completest harmony in all

things in the two families. Irving's mother was bent on one thing: she had made up her mind that she would not go home till she had seen the Pyramids and the ruins of the Temple; while Gloria's father cared not a fig for either, but was tired of marbles and Madonnas, and wanted to get back to the Grand Opera and Longchamps. To the heads of the two families the desires of the younger members cut very little figure, and although Irving was not the youth to be put aside without consideration, his lively imagination bridged the few weeks of separation, and already there came pictures in his mind of Gloria by his side on the return.

Yet why did these two linger and wait and shudder that at each moment the call to go home would come? There was sweet music in his voice, and although it had always sounded pleasant enough, it seemed then as though there was some strange undertone in it, some magic that wound about her heart-strings, and the timid creature shrunk within herself as her hands seemed to move towards him of their own accord. All that day they had wandered about, dreading the coming of the night. Little Puritan as she was, Gloria's soul had again and again found sym-

pathy in the chanting of the masses at the El Jesu, and that very afternoon at vespers, the churchly melodies had carried aloft Gloria's silent prayer that Heaven would send her lover back again. But now the time had come; it was the hour of parting. The gay moon danced on the bosom of the river; a nightingale on the other bank poured forth a flood of song; the soft winds chased across the ghostly palace yards; and Rome, in her venerable glory, slept mindless of these heavy hearts.

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II.

NEW YORK.

A WOMAN dressed in white satin, her eye lashes wet with tears, stood leaning against the back of a chair in a room of one of the fashionable hotels of New York. Her look was fixed abstractedly on the hurrying crowd below. There were marks about the room by which it could be seen she was an actress. A heap of rich dresses lay on a fauteuil. Gorgeous masses of roses and lilies were scattered about the room. On the dressing-case lay a profusion of jewels and costly ornaments. The dress she wore was that of *Juliet*, over which, coming from the theatre, she had worn a cloak. Her female attendant had not yet come, and the cloak fell idly to the floor, leaving the white arms and bosom bare. The face would have been white too at another time; but now it was streaked and unnatural. Tears had washed tracks through the rouge and powder, and the lashes no longer wore that coaly blackness which the public admired. She was a handsome woman, though, but hardly dark enough for the daugh-

ter of the Capulets. The woman was Gloria, and it was her first year on the stage. Her genius and beauty had helped her forward rapidly. She had had little other influence, and already her name had been on the bill-boards of many of the leading theatres of the country. That night had been a triumph; it was her second visit, and from the crowded house there had come round after round of applause.

At the final fall of the curtain, the house waited till the *Romeo* of the evening led her to the front. Her heart beat lightly, and when she walked into her room, there was a sprightliness in her step that told of satisfaction. A touch of vanity in a young and lovely woman, is no great sin, and when Gloria glanced at herself in the long mirror, a gazer upon the charming spectacle would have readily forgiven the act. A letter in a yellow envelope, which lay on the bureau, caught her attention. She looked anxiously at the writing. The breaking of its Pandora seal let loose a world of trouble. It was the letter within which brought tears to her eyes. After standing for a little, she sank in the chair, buried her face in her hands, and silently the tears trickled through her fingers.

The letter, which was badly written, and dated five days before, read:

"DEAR LADY: The little one died last night. We did what we could for it, but could not save its life.

MARY ASHBURTON."

There came a knock at the door, and the dressing-woman came in. Nothing could better show the kindness of Gloria's heart than the grief of this old woman at finding her mistress in tears. Her person was very tidy, and as she washed the actress' face, and forced upon her a tiny glass of cordial, it was plain that she was a tender and sensible creature. For the first time, Gloria spoke. She put her arms about the old woman's neck, and sobbed, "Oh Maggie, Maggie, my heart is breaking!"

Margaret, who knew nothing of the letter, and who would not have understood it, had she read it, laid the lovely head of Gloria on her shoulder, and soothed her as best she might. From a distance the bells of a church rang out the midnight hour, and still the head rested there. The heart of Gloria was far away. She was back in the green lanes of her childhood, and the church bells sounded like the old ones at home. Her life, long before she had thought of the stage,

came before her. She thought of when she was a girl of sixteen, when the world was all bright and beautiful, and when the future rolled away a prospect brilliant as an Alpine sunrise. In her ears again was the sound of a familiar voice, and through the darkness of the night there seemed to come to her, two eyes that long, long ago had vanished. The diamonds on her neck glittered in the gaslight, the fire in the grate turned the lilies on the table to a pink color, and from the roses a perfume stole over her senses. The old woman fell asleep, and the other was alone with her thoughts.

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III.

BERLIN.

THREE gentlemen sat at a table in an alcove of the Orpheum, in the German capital. They were Americans, but one of them, by his manner and dress, seemed less strange to the place than the other two. The Orpheum, as the reader may recollect, is in the Alte Jakob Strasse, and is one of those highly-gilt dance houses, to be met with here and there in Europe, a sort of Jardin Mabille under glass, where the lamps are lit at about the time most people go to bed, and where a gay mob dances until sunrise. The women were of the nameless throng of a great city; the men, seekers after excitement, from everywhere. One of the men was Irving, the other two friends of his, lately from America. The can-can of the Orpheum, although sufficiently wild and wicked to hush the least pious of the *haushalterinnen* in the neighborhood at the mere mention of it, seemed somewhat flat to the two new-comers, who already knew that the more

conspicuous dancers were hired acrobats in evening dress.

The lights were flashed back from a thousand mirrors, an orchestra hidden in the depths of a bank of foliage discoursed the latest music from Suppe and Bilse, and from the Moorish arches leading to the courtyard beyond, there sounded the pattering of fountains. The merry creatures of the night, always mindful of the stern-eyed man in white gloves, with cocked hat under his arm, who stood as the representative of order on the floor, danced as though another deluge were at hand. At midnight the programme had fairly commenced.

Five years had worn away since the night in Rome, and Irving was still a wanderer. His mother and aunt preferred to make their home with him, and when all persuasion to leave for America had failed, settled in a quiet villa near the Thiergarten. He had formed a business connection with a mercantile house, and there was every prospect that Berlin would be his permanent abiding place. Now and then people from America would bring him letters of introduction, and it was while showing the city by gaslight to two of the latest comers that he found

himself this night in the Orpheum. There was refined society in Berlin and good opera, and it was not hard for a man in business to occupy his leisure in a variety of agreeable ways.

But this most unreasonable young man could not forget Gloria. It was Gloria who filled his thoughts, on whom his imagination dwelt, and without whom all the world was little more than a blank. He was too sensible to be misanthropic, and too sensitive to share his sorrow with others. No one, after the first few months, had heard him speak of her. Of course, the two old ladies near the Thiergarten knew his secret, but they knew it only as women will learn everything of a man with whom they live day by day.

Gloria, the actress, of whom he read in the newspapers from home, was no longer to him the girl of years ago. As one sees the wreck of a splendid work, and traces in it the outline of its former loveliness, so Irving found in his pictures of her only that which moved him to fresh grief. A few words will explain the change. On reaching Paris, after parting from the Irvings, Gloria's father found a letter telling of money losses in America. They left on the next steamer, and on reaching home, it was found that the fortunes of

the family were gone. Everything was swallowed up. The world, to a man who has all his life lived in plenty, is a wretched thing when he finds himself suddenly poor, and not at all worth the having if he is old in the bargain, and so it was not long before Gloria's father took his leave from it unceremoniously.

Gloria's mother, in her youth, had been a singer. She had not yet reached the heights of opera when her hand was asked in marriage, and her voice from that time was only heard in the seclusion of her husband's home. But now she could sing no more. As her tears fell on the face of the corpse of her husband, there was no longer music in her soul. To know that her husband was dead had shattered beyond mending the harp-strings of her life. Somebody told her that in Gloria there was the making of a fine actress. Neither mother nor daughter could earn a dollar at mechanical work. Gloria had a full share of those accomplishments which grace a lady, but bring no bread. There was some little money left, and a famous teacher of acting was engaged.

Hard lessons, long hours and severe drill soon began to change Gloria into what she was to be. The girl gradually developed into the woman, and

the woman into the actress. Under all sorts of stage names she was brought before audiences in small towns. Her natural timidity had long worn off. Her teacher was a woman of the world, a successful actress, somewhat worn out, and nothing if not practical. She had herself climbed the ladder from the ballet, and her conversation could not but be enlightening to a beginner like Gloria, who soon found that Shakespeare's plays and the Dictionary of Slang went hand in hand behind the scenes, and that Balzac's *Comédie Humaine* was child's play to the cosmos of the theatre.

Soon Gloria reached that point where people began to preach to her. It was the forerunner of success. When the world can no more pull down, it begins to give advice. Her first season was a series of triumphs. She began to be sought for by managers. Even those from the inland towns, who generally touch nothing theatrical till it is worn out, put in bids for her. But all this did not come to pass without an episode.

An episode in the life of a young and beautiful woman living in the glare of the footlights can have but two endings. It was now a year since she had heard of Irving. She had written to

where she thought he might be reached, but no answer came back. Irving's trip to the Orient had been lengthened, and when he again reached Paris there was no trace of Gloria's family. Disgusted with himself for having permitted Gloria to be lost to him for a single day, Irving set sail for America. A year had passed since last he saw her. Some months of this time had been taken up in the East, and the rest in searching about the cities of Europe and in waiting for answers from friends at home, of whom he had inquired. Gloria, on taking to the stage, had left the city of her childhood, had borne another name, and it was only in the full publicity of after years that the great actress and the bankrupt's daughter were known to be the same. Irving arrived in New York. Gloria was then playing in a city near by. How close these devoted souls were to each other at that hour they never knew. But near as it was, the separation was wide as eternity.

Gloria's mother had been in an asylum. The old lady had found in drink a welcome obliviousness. She was unfit for the wrecks and storms of time. There was nothing of the Roman mother about her. As one after another of the dear things of

earth passed away, she became a ruin of her former self. No solid time-defying ruin, but, like one of those Gothic fabrics whose slender foliage crumble in the blast, poor Gloria's mother passed away, and the girl was quite alone. Alone, with a heart crying out for one who never came, with ears weary listening for footsteps that sounded only in the imagination, and eyes that wept to think that they would nevermore see the dear boy of her girlhood that bade her good-bye on the Tiber's steps. No moment so propitious for an episode.

How the whereabouts of Gloria came to the ears of Irving, and how there came with it the story of a successful lover, need not here be dwelt upon. The wretched man, at once concluding that he had been forgotten by her, buried his sorrows in his breast and left for Europe. Four more years had slowly gone by, and on the night when Irving found himself with the two young men in the Alte Jakob Strasse, it was five years since he had left Gloria on the banks of the Tiber, in Rome. As the band struck up an air from "Mignon," "Kennst du das Land," Irving drew his two friends with him and left the Orpheum for home.

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IV.

CHICAGO.

IT was the garden scene in "Romeo and Juliet," on the stage of one of the leading theatres of Chicago, and Gloria stood on the balcony, statue like, in the white lime light. The honors of the night had been fairly divided with the Romeo. He was robust, handsome fellow, and played the part with so much vigor and feeling that the critics, with one accord, believed him to be under the influence of liquor, while the house applauded him to the echo. The women unanimously voted him charming, and for once the men were not wholly engrossed with Gloria. So fervent was the hero that when the closing speech of the scene came and the heroine threw him kisses, the house uproariously called them to the front. The truth was, that this Romeo was head and ears in love with Gloria from the first night of his first season with her, and only lived from day to day in the opportunities given him by the play to tell his

love. But the second leading lady had also been loved by this Romeo, and had seen his new and fierce love for Gloria with no measured fury. Romeo had put up with a variety of snubs, and had even taken less pay than he could get elsewhere, in order to be in the same company with Gloria; but the second leading lady had undergone still greater sacrifices that she might be near Romeo.

Gloria saw the evidences of his fondness for her, but with quiet reserve held him in check, and gave him no encouragement. She was never at home when he called at the hotel, and by her tact kept him continually at arm's length. The second leading lady, however, was spoiling for revenge. She was not so young as she had been, her beauty stood daylight badly, and her pretty ways, her affected coyness, and her simulated embarrassments, were equally ineffectual to bring back her old lover. That she had loved him was shown by the depth of the hate which began to burn in her veins, and Clytemnestra-like, she watched his every move, and if there was no dagger in her sleeve, it was because she still fanned a hope that he might be again won over.

But for Gloria this neglected creature treasured

the choicest flowers of her hatred. There was little in her gift that she would not have parted with to the one who would have shown her a means of wreaking her vengeance on poor Gloria's head. She had not long to wait; things were coming to a crisis. Five years of such work as Gloria had done, began to tell upon her strength. Her light was still bright, but there began to be an occasional flicker. Actresses, no matter how high they stand, may do many things forbidden to other women, and so long as they keep out of bankruptcy and the police reports, may keep a stout heart. Few had heard of Gloria's episode, and those few knew little. The whole story never came out, and what was known was well nigh forgotten. Gloria had never ceased to pray that Heaven would take away her sin, and what she might do by way of atonement she had freely done. An open hand for charity, and a tender word for the sorrowing, were ever ready. And thus she waited; the love of her girlhood had grown into the engrossing passion of her life. Could she but meet Irving again—could she know that he still loved her—ah! this was asking too much, but the hope that it would be granted was all that kept her lamp burning.

It was raining heavily one night after the play was out, and a man in a long cloak, avoiding the elevator, hastened up the stairs of the hotel where Gloria lived. On the heels of the man came a woman, cloaked and veiled. It was the Romeo of the play come to linger about Gloria's corridor, and the woman was the jealous actress. He caught a glimpse of her, recognized her, and escaped by another stairway to the street. The actress believed that he had been let into Gloria's room, but not feeling certain, and fearing to raise an alarm lest her suspicions should prove untrue, she waited for the next night. This woman remarked the next day that Gloria looked pale and wan, and in truth she was.

The night before Gloria had seen a man sitting back in the lower circle, who looked like Irving. The light was dim where he sat, and the open frankness of his dear face had changed. She could not believe it to be he, but merely to think that it was filled her with a joy such as she had not known since that Italian summer's night. The people thought that she had never played Juliet so tenderly. After the play, at the hotel, she watched and waited, and all the next day she listened for footsteps. A boy with a basket of

flowers caused her to stagger, and when a card from a caller was brought to her room, she trembled so that she sat in a chair while she read it. That night she would gladly have begged to be excused from the theatre but it was the last night of the season.

Again, after the play, a man in a cloak, followed by a woman, glided up the hotel stairs. Gloria's room was on the upper floor, the windows facing the court yard. This man heeded not the woman, but went on, finally stopping before a room nearly opposite Gloria's, which he entered, leaving the door ajar. The room was dark.

The jealous actress, who was closely veiled, walked up and down past the door, and with a sudden impulse burst into the room, closing the door and placing her back against it. The gas was immediately lit, there was the sound of voices, and for a little while, silence. Then the woman came out, and, walking rapidly, led the man to a room on another part of the same floor; they entered this room, the woman pulled a chair so that it faced the window, and pushed the curtains aside.

He sat thus in the dark, waiting.

Suddenly a room on the other side of the nar-

row court yard was lighted, and an old woman entered, followed by Gloria. It was oppressively warm. The windows of both rooms were open, reaching nearly to the floor. Between the walls, the court-yard opened to the ground. The floor on which these rooms were was seven stories from the flagged basement. All was dark but the windows of Gloria's room. The eye could not pierce the depth of the darkness between the windows.

It was Irving that sat in the chair watching Gloria. As he looked, his breath sank away and his mouth grew dry; then his heart beat rapidly and his eyes moistened. The years rolled backward, and he was a boy again. Gloria and he were on a gondola, floating on the Venetian lagoons, and Gloria was listening to the story of the Doges; again they were at the foot of the Matterhorn, her dark eyes filled with tears at the fate of the luckless Alpine climbers. A thousand pictures of those happy journeys glided before him, and as the winds brought the chimes from St. James' tower, he thought that he was again under the roof of some old German inn, after having bade Gloria good night.

He looked again at the figure in the opposite window, and an impulse seized him to rush to her

and throw himself at her feet. He could hear the woman back of him breathing. A wave of cold air pulsed up from the damp court-yard below. Irving sat like one dazed; there was one feeling which could be separated from every other, and that was that he wanted to look at Gloria. He had not been so near her before since that never-to-be-forgotten night. He cared nothing for what they had said of Gloria. What if she had sinned? Were she ten times worse than this woman back of him had said, she was still the Gloria that he loved; the life and soul of his heart's idolatry.

At that instant the door of the room opposite opened, and a man entered. Gloria, who had been resting her chin on her hand, looked up. Irving followed the direction of her head as it turned. It was the Romeo of the play. He had come in unannounced. The eyes of the woman back of Irving almost shone in the dark. Irving's heart sunk. It was too far away to hear what was said.

The man walked hesitatingly to the middle of the room. He appeared to be speaking, but his attitude was that of one who pleads. The pantomime of his gesture told the whole story. It was

a terrible ordeal for Irving. At that late hour none were astir. The old dressing-woman had gone out. Gloria was alone, with this man. It seemed to the wretched lover as if all that was dear in life was to slip through his grasp at that moment.

He stood up. He could have leaped across, but the hungry darkness yawned below him. He stood full and fair in the open window, the light from Gloria's windows shining full on his face. The man before Gloria appeared to beg. Could Gloria but have turned her head and looked at the opposite windows. But the poor woman was alone and frightened. Maybe she would listen to the man. All this took a very brief time. An instant seemed an age. Irving glared. Then Gloria raised one arm, pointed a finger towards the door, and after hesitating for a second, Romeo bowed and withdrew.

Tears filled Irving's eyes. He would rush to her room, and demand admittance. He was about to turn when he saw Gloria move towards the window. He hesitated. She came forward. He stood still. She pushed the lace curtains aside, and came to the open window. The light was back of her, but her face looked out white in the darkness.

As lightning flashes down the midnight sky, so the glance of Gloria darted across the dark, and fixed itself on Irving's face. She knew him, and he saw that she did. He stretched out his arms. "Gloria! Glo—!" he called.

What came next is almost too terrible to tell.

The unhappy woman advanced abruptly, and, striking the low window-sill with her feet, fell forward. Almost before the sound of her lover's voice had ceased, she sank, a confused mass, into the darkness below.

Her shattered body was found later by the servants. Irving had swooned, and was afterward found on the floor by the actress, who had left the room to meet the man she had been following. What became of Irving it would be hard to say. But there is a horrible emptiness about that room on the upper floor, with a faint reminder in the air of the perfume that hung about the long hair of Gloria, when she was found on the courtyard pavement.

LEAF XIII.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A lovely evening in mid-summer. The soft moon casts its faint light, and the willows droop their shadows over a scene as fair as man ever gazed on. The lights and shadows fall on a picture old indeed as the hills—fresh as love in youth. The sweet notes of the song-birds, subdued and softened in the twilight, come borne on the light breeze.

* * * * * *

THERE are clouds in the sky, and breathings of tempest in the air. The great black messengers of the Storm King go rushing on their wrathful way between the sun and earth, and come together like contending armies, and send the forked lightning downward to herald the

approach of their mighty master, who is marshaling his forces along the western horizon.

The hour is 3 o'clock in the afternoon and the day one of midsummer. As the growl of the elements deepens to an angry roar, the reporters, who await in the depot the train which is to bring within their reach the newly elected Senator from Wisconsin, gather closer about the ticket window and clamor to learn why the day express isn't "on time." The agent doesn't know, and, what is more, doesn't seem to care very much, so the knights of the pencil are perforce compelled to wait and abuse the road. The writer is among the number, and, out of sheer idleness and disgust he wanders slowly to another part of the building to "loaf and invite his soul" *a la* Walt Whitman.

A man approaches through the storm, crosses the street and enters the door, letting in with him a torrent of the fierce white rain now falling in sheets. It is the train dispatcher, and while he shakes himself free of the water which drips down about him in puddles, the scribe asks: "No one here seems to be informed as to when the express will be in. You can tell, can't you?"

"It's side tracked up here, thirty or forty

miles, and the road is free from end to end. There are a couple of specials coming from Milwaukee, and I tell you they are making the fastest time this line ever knew."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know, and that's why I left Jim to run the office while I came over to see about it. One of the specials was engaged yesterday in the usual way, the other was a local train just ready to make its trip, when one of the directors of another road, so the boys telegraph me, came tearing down to the depot a few minutes after the first extra was gone and laid down a cool thousand to get this train for a trip to Chicago."

"Do you know who is on the first extra?"

"It's a young fellow from Chicago, and by putting this and that together, I've come to the conclusion that he's eloped with some Cream City girl, and,—yes, by Jove! that's it! I'll bet a hundred to one the young lady's father is on the second special."

There was a rumble of wheels without, and a hack dashed up and took position perilously near the track. The man on the box sat still, muffled in his rubber coat, and looked off down the track ever and anon with eager expectancy.

It was "Dandy Pat," known by fame or intercourse to all those of the *jeunesse doree*, who from time to time want to take a ride in a covered carriage of which no one shall know. That "Dandy" should stay with his horses, and patiently bear the terrible pelting of the storm, meant either that he was getting good pay for his trouble, or that something was "in the wind," which interested him more than common. Now a sensation was always welcome to the city editor of *The Daily Thunderer*, and a bit of exclusive news was always joy to the heart of whoever procured it. Inspired with these twin incentives, the writer made his way through the blinding storm to the hack. It would never do to acknowledge ignorance of the driver's mission, or his mouth would remain sealed, so a bold guess at the possible truth took the form of the query, "Who are you waiting for, Pat, the runaways or the old man?"

Dandy looked down from his superior height and swore a little. "How the deuce did you find out what was going on?" he asked.

"Never mind, but I know all about it, and the other boys don't. Now which is it, the girl's father or the lovers you are waiting for?"

"Why, the lovers, of course. I didn't know the young 'ooman's parent had got the news yet."

"But he has, and he's chasing your employer down the road with a special train, which will be here nearly as soon as the one you are waiting for."

"Well, his chase won't do him much good. Charley —— has his big yacht lying inside the breakwater, and he and the lady are going on board as soon as I can draw them there. They've got a parson, and a permit to drive in double harness, and everything all correct, and once they're hitched they're going up the lakes for a bridal tower."

"But they can't start in such a frightful storm as this?"

"I don't know. I'm hired to take them to the dock, and that done, I'm through with the thing. Got my pay in advance you see."

Above the rumble of the thunder shrieked the alarm of the engine's whistle, and pealed the clangorous engine bell. The wheels leaped from rail to rail, and in from the mist and semi-darkness, like a demon of fire and smoke and giant might, dashed the great iron horse. It reached

the platform, stopped, and stood panting and throbbing from the swift and stirring race. Out of the car, and into the hack sprang the fleeing couple, the door crashed to, Dandy leaped to his box again, and away to the Lake Front whirled the carriage with its load of new-born human hopes and fears.

And none too quickly had they gone, for five minutes later saw the second special land its solitary passenger at the dingy depot. Tall, gray mustached, accurately dressed in light summer garments, he stood for an instant and faced the blasts which beat upon him with the indifference of a second Lear. His face was set in an expression of icy calm, and the frosty blue eyes glinted ominously, while the right hand absently fingered something—was it a pistol?—which filled a side coat pocket. He made one or two curt inquiries, learned the direction taken by the fugitives, and, entering another of the cabs, by this time lined along the walk, drove away at the top of the horses' speed.

If ever murder filled a man's heart, and gleamed out from the windows of the soul, it did in the case of this quiet, self-contained and wealthy citizen. Things were getting serious, and

the writer concluded that the Senator from Wisconsin must be dropped because of this new and possibly startling event. So, he too, rode away for the Lake Front in a carriage, whose driver had instructions to use the whip and never mind the consequences.

Down where the great waves chased each other up against the shore the troubled sea and stormy sky looked on at a strange and novel spectacle. The father had followed fast, and followed faster, but he arrived too late for whatever purpose he may have had in view. The yacht, with every sail set, was a mile out on the lake, tossing like a frightened bird, and fleeing before the wind which now came in fierce gusts from the southwest.

On the shore, beside the parent, stood some friends of the lovers, who looked out on the wild scene with more of anxiety than seemed to disturb the marble-faced man who had lost his only daughter. As for him, he shaded his eyes from the spray, and then, turning on his heel, reentered the waiting carriage and gave the laconic order, "Take me to the Tug Association's office." His idea was apparent. He had started on a chase, he would end it, as every other under-

taking of his life had ended, successfully. The journalist also had begun a task and proposed to carry it through, and when the pursuer reached his destination he likewise was there, and ready to board whichever tug might be placed at the magnate's disposal.

"I wouldn't advise you, sir, to go out in this weather," said the agent, "the storm signal is up, and the blow to-night will be terrific. But as you guarantee us from all loss, and the men say they are willing to make the trip, I can only advance this bit of advice, and step aside."

"Thank you," was all the gentleman said, as he stepped aboard and entered the little den given over to the wheelsman and captain.

A reporter, as a matter of course, has an extremely general and promiscuous acquaintance, and this particular tug, by chance, happened to be one which had carried the writer out on old Michigan more than once; so a wink to the open mouthed deck-hand and a nod to the engineer settled the thing, and established him without remonstrance by the side of the latter and next to the throbbing heart of the gallant little boat.

Up the river, and out of the mouth went the

chase, and then the mad waves scurried around and over as if to engulf this mosquito-like intruder on the domains of the winds and waters. Afar off, where the clouds stooped down to kiss the foam-capped billows, struggled the white-winged yacht, making, as best it could, for the distant farther shore. Steadily we gained, and soon pursuer and pursued were not more than a quarter of a mile apart. A sudden calm came upon the elements, and the blackness of darkness dwelt about.

The midnight clouds seemed to rush down on the earth and shroud it from view. Even the horizon grew misty and indistinct. The silence, broken only by the puffing engine, was horrible, the suspense beyond description. I came above and looked in the wheelsman's room; his face was an ashen gray, and his lips were white. "I'd give a thousand dollars to be on good dry land," he muttered.

The man by his side smiled a wintry smile.

"Let me take the wheel," he said, "I have commanded a ship, and I can guide this; you need have no fear." And he took the place of the terrified sailor.

First he peered out ahead and sighted the

yacht, now nearer than ever; then he rang the bell and signaled for all speed to be put on, and then he sent the tug straight at the chase. He was resolved to run it down.

Up from the southwest came a moan, like that of the damned, the clouds cleared away, and the sea could be seen rushing on us in a vast titanic wall. The moan grew louder. It became a yell as of contending armies, the heavens grew white with tongues of flames, the air labored with incessant booming of the thunder. The hissing rain, the whirling waves joined the wild uproar, and then we were caught and tossed like an atom in the giant fury of the awful tempest. One glimpse, and one only, we gained of the yacht. Its sails were streaming forward in ribbons, its decks were overflowed, and it was in the trough of the sea, sideways to the storm, and given over to destruction, while above it the blinding mist took form as the angel of death.

How we reached the Michigan shore that night, and beat upon the sandy beach a wreck, with one man left behind, swept overboard as a tribute to the wrathful gods, does not need to be here set down. The morning dawned bright and beautiful, but among the fifty odd vessels of the Mich-

igan fleet never heard of afterwards was the lover's yacht.

Why didn't I "write it up for the paper?"

Because brain fever kept me in bed six weeks, and when I grew well it was stale news. But, nevertheless, it is a true story, and now first sees the light of print.


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